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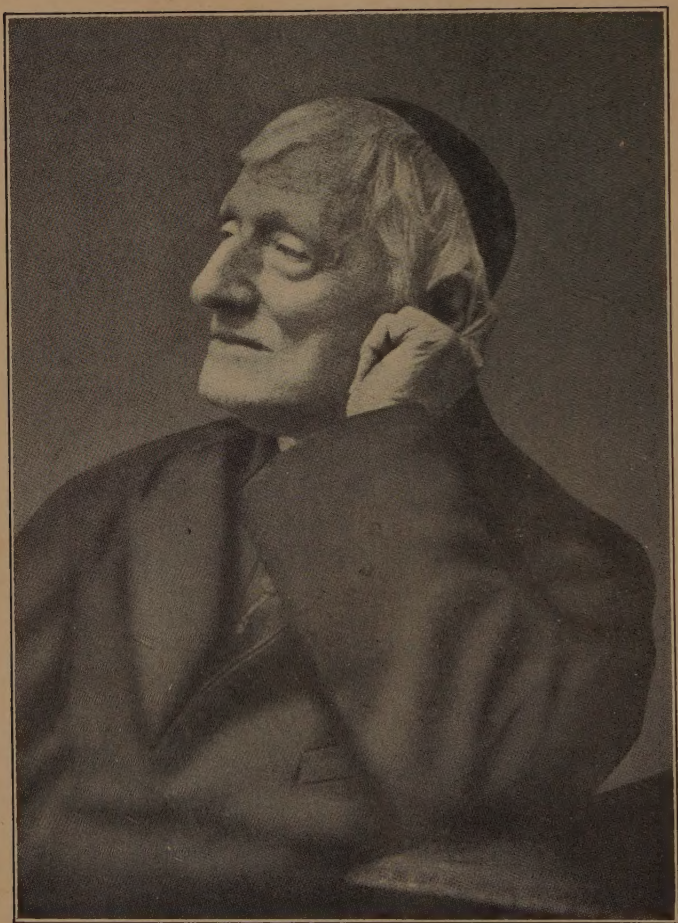
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—*Carlyle: Heroes and
Hero Worship.*

WITHDRAWN
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JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

*"But, to those men that loved
him, sweet as summer."*



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Taken by Barraud shortly after his elevation to the Cardinalate

John Henry Cardinal Newman

by

GEORGE J. DONAHUE

Author of
DAMIEN AND REFORM



1927

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Alumnis Collegii
Sancti Thomae Apostoli Hartfordiensis
Opusculum suum
Grato Affectu
Scriptor.

TO JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

"When I peruse the teeming page
My youth so dearly prized,
I say, 'This foremost of his age
Is Plato's self baptized.'

"But kindling, weeping, as I read
And marvel at his pen,
I say, 'This Newman is indeed
Augustine come again.'

"The sweet, sublime, Athenian Bee
And Hippo's seer, who ran
Through every range of thought, I see
Combined in this new man.

"New modes, new powers, new aims, new lights,
New love, in him, I view;
New piercing of the depths and heights
Yet not more bold than true.

"Our battles here we feebly fought
And scarce could keep the field,
When like a god he rose and wrought,
Our armour and our shield.

"The clouds disperse to clear his fame
The land begins to own;
A prophet in a car of flame
Is mounting to a throne.

"My father, Israel's chariot, look,
And, ere thou reach the skies,
Smile once, once only, on my book,
And it has gained the prize."

—*John Charles Earle, B.A.*

Foreword

THERE is no end, it seems, to books on Cardinal Newman. And yet the subject is by no means either exhausted or understood. His "sad years" are always explained by saying he was misunderstood and Sarolea concludes his excellent work by declaring Newman was misunderstood because no one can possibly understand him. Meaning Newman, Cardinal Manning once said, "that man is an enigma," and Bremond even calls his subtle study *The Mystery of Newman*. When a man is saintly as well as a literary genius, he quite naturally is difficult of analysis.

In addressing audiences at the Catholic Summer School of America in 1925, the writer called his three lengthy lectures of the famed Oxonian, *An Introduction to Newman*. In his humble opinion what is still needed to stimulate devotion to Newman, among Catholics in general and Catholic students in particular, is not another subtle study of Newman nor a profound analysis of his writings, but a simple and brief biography with just enough colorful incidents and excerpts to breed curiosity and to create enthusiasm.

This book is an attempt to await upon the above presumed need and necessity. It has been prepared for Catholics who know nothing of the great convert but more especially for Catholic College boys, that love for Newman may take deep root in their youthful hearts whilst they still abide in an atmosphere of books and scholarship. Our knowledge of people begins with an introduction. To know Cardinal Newman ever so casually will, I am sure, end in loving him. And when he comes into one's life either as a saintly priest or literary genius, he will remain to the end, not as a sphinx, but as the old French song has it—

Comme un crystal qui vibre encore,
Long temps apres qu' on l' a touché.

—GEORGE J. DONAHUE.

Pomfret, Connecticut.

"Would that they [the Modernists] truly followed Newman as a teacher, not in the fashion of those who, given up to preconceived opinions, search his volumes, and with deliberate dishonesty extract from them something from which they contend that their views receive support; but that they might gather his principles pure and unimpaired, and his example and his spirit. From so great a master they may learn many noble things; in the first place, to hold the magisterium of the Church sacred, to preserve inviolate the doctrine handed down by the Fathers, and, what is the chief thing for the preservation of Catholic truth, to honor and obey with the utmost fidelity the Successor of the Blessed Peter."

—*His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.*

"If the English language has an Angel residing in it and presiding over it, surely Newman is that Angel.

—*Alexander Whyte, D.D.*

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Chronology

1801

February 21. John Henry Newman born in London. Baptized at St. Benet Fink, London, April 9.

1816

Failure of Ramsbottom, Newman, Ramsbottom & Co., Bankers, in which house his father was a partner.

December 14. Entered at Trinity College, Oxford. Called into residence the following June.

1818

May. Gained a Trinity scholarship; this was his only academical distinction.

1820

Graduated B.A. but failed to gain honors.

1822

April 12. Elected Fellow of Oriel College, "the turning point of my life."

1824

June 13. Ordained Deacon in Christ Church and appointed Curate of St. Clement's, Oxford.

June 23. Preached his first sermon at Warton from the text, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." His last Anglican sermon was from the same text.

1825

March. Appointed Vice-Principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford.

May 29. Ordained Minister.

August 7. Administered his first Eucharist.

1826

Resigned Vice-Principalship of Alban Hall and curacy of St. Clement's upon being appointed Tutor of Oriel.

July 2. Preached his first University sermon.

1827

Publication of Keble's Christian Year.

1828

January 5. Death of his sister, Mary Sophia. One of the two "great blows" which "rudely awakened" him.

March 14. Newman became Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford.

1829

Catholic Emancipation Act passed.

1830

Began to work upon "The Arians of the Fourth Century," which was finished in 1832 and published in 1833.

1832

Resigned Oriel tutorship.

December 8. Started with R. Hurrell Froude on the Mediterranean tour, during which Newman wrote "Lead, Kindly Light."

1833

July 9. Returned to England.

July 14. Keble preached his Assize Sermon on

"National Apostasy," "the start of the religious movement of 1833."

September. Beginning of the issue of "Tracts for the Times."

1834-1836

At work upon "The Prophetical Office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism," published in 1837, and later, as part of the *Media Via*.

1835

From this year, E. B. Pusey, was closely identified with the Tractarians.

1836

Death of Richard Hurrell Froude.

1837-1843

Plain and Parochial Sermons.

1838

Lectures on Justification. Publication of "Froude's Remains"; edited by Keble and Newman.

1838-1841

Editor of the *British Critic*.

1839

June. Began the study of the history of the Monophysites and later (September), read the "Donatist" article in the *Dublin Review*. For the first time he "was seriously alarmed" as regards the Anglican position.

1841

February 27. Issue of Tract 90, the last of the series.

March 15. Board of Heads of Houses condemns Tract 90 without waiting for Newman's reply, dated March 13, and known to be coming.

July-November. The "three blows which broke me": I. The conviction of the parallelism of semi-Arianism and Anglicanism. II. The Bishops' charges against him. III. The Jerusalem Bishopric.

1842

Retired to Littlemore.

1843

Sermons bearing on subjects of the day. "Formal retraction (in the *Conservative Journal*) of all the hard things said against the Church of Rome."

February 2. Preached in the University pulpit for the last time on "The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine."

September 18. Resigned the living of St. Mary's.

September 25. Last sermon, as an Anglican, at Littlemore.

1843-1845

Lives of the English Saints (portions only by Newman.)

Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.

October 3. Resigned Oriel Fellowship.

October 9. Received into Roman Catholic Church by Father Dominic, Passionist, at Littlemore.

November 1. Confirmed by Bishop Wiseman.

1846

February 23. Left Oxford for Oscott. He did not return for thirty-two years. Went to Rome, was ordained Priest, and made Doctor of Divinity.

1847

Returned to England to establish near Birmingham an Oratory of the Brotherhood of St. Philip Neri.

1848

"Loss and Gain."

1849

Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations.

1850

September 29. Creation of Roman Catholic Sees in England by Papal Bull.

Anglican difficulties.

1851

Lectures on the "Present Position of Catholics in England."

1852

June 21. Achilli libel trial began. Newman found guilty and fined (January 23, 1853) 100 pounds.

1854

Appointed Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin. "The Idea of a University" defined and illustrated.

1856

Callista: "A Tale of the Third Century."

1857

Sermons Preached on Various Occasions.

1858

Returned to Birmingham.

1859

Established the Edgbaston School.

1864

January. C. Kingsley's Article in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

April-June. "Apologia pro Vita Sua," the reply to the above.

1865-66

"The Dream of Gerontius."

1868

Verses on Various Occasions.

1870

"An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent."

1877

Elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

1878

Revisited Oxford for the first time since 1845. Pope Leo XIII succeeds Pius IX.

1879

May 12. Created Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Catholic Church of the Title of Saint George in Velabro.

1890

August 11. Died of pneumonia.

August 19. Buried at Rednal in the same grave as Father Ambrose St. John, "my life, under God, for thirty-two years."

John Henry Cardinal Newman

CHAPTER I.

Concerning Friendship

“Let this preface rather serve me to make profession of following as my guide and teacher, John Henry Newman; who by some even now is not yet understood, and for many years in time past was covered with a cloud of misunderstanding—the inevitable penalty of intellectual preeminence.”

—C. S. DEVAS.

MOST people will admit that friendship is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. There is of course a matchless and divine friendship of which I do not here write. Long centuries before à Kempis saw the light and years before the coming of Christ to make the Vale of Tears a valley of hope eternal, the cultured and refined Romans anticipated the saying, “Without a friend thou canst not well live.” They rated human friendship so highly that in the letters of Cicero it is well nigh impossible to detect a greater love on the part of the old Roman for

Terentia or Tulliola than for Atticus. They evidently tasted what Keats styles "a fellowship with essence."

Friendship appears indigenous to college soil. It springs up quite gracefully and grows with a growth that is noble as well as natural. And yet the echoes of commencement are scarcely thin before the heart learns to forget. Friends disappear over the horizon, and if they meet again, the reunion is as short-lived as ships that pass in the night.

Since my farewell to college life two truths and another saying of à Kempis have impressed me. Friendship of some kind is necessary and friendship is rare. And the line from à Kempis which is the opposite of the one written above reads: "I have never yet gone among men but I have come back less a man." One looks in vain for the so-called knitting of hearts and unselfish union of souls which are quite natural in early youth and disappear so unnaturally when the years "progress silverly." I mastered the situation by falling in love with books; not merely by creating a taste for reading, but by becoming a veritable bibliophile. I now share Marc Sabre's love for them, who needed but their quiet presence to ensure his happi-

ness. No conversation is necessary, for where true friendship exists, according to Maeterlink and Father Benson, the very silence blossoms into speech. When impoverished they make you feel as rich as Croesus; when sad they dry your tears; when glad they deepen your joys. They have all the virtues of human friends and none of the weakness of human hearts which are sometimes fickle and often forgetful. They know all about you and love you anyway, which is the perfection of human friendship.

All this may be a long way around to say that I recommend a study of the life and writings of John Henry Cardinal Newman to Catholics in general and to Catholic students in particular. He fascinated me and lured me into a friendship which, like the nature of God, refuses to grow old. I do not pretend to have kept pace at any time with his subtle and great intellect; I simply admire from afar, lifting up my tiny voice in praise of his knowledge and virtue. When I am deep in one of his books, I am fully conscious of the fact that I am like the child at the seashore; by the shore indeed, yet standing by the sea! By way of appreciating the joys his books have given me, I resolved

to make him better known that others, especially Catholics, may be thereby enriched in mind and body. His life is high romance and his mind unveiled in his forty-odd volumes is more gripping than a novel. He is a poet and possessed of the most perfect knowledge of the first six centuries of Church history. He is a theologian though he denied the gentle accusation and one of the famous preachers of the nineteenth century, though he read his sermons. He is a novelist and if he had concentrated on the violin, he would have surpassed all your Kubeliks and Kreislers. He believed the violin had a soul, as firmly as he believed angels loitered invisible in his garden. He was a king at Oxford which he left for Rome, stepping out of shadows and images to become sunny-eyed by gazing on the truth. He had marvelous learning and a wealth of holiness. He made me appreciate my faith. He taught me a host of good things, but he gave me that which includes all the other joys of the scholarly world, namely: a love for books, which is deepening and mellowing with the years, and which will create one of my real regrets when called from life.

Friendship with Newman cannot possibly have either disillusion or disappointments.

An introduction to him means an acquaintance not only with a master of English prose but with a priest of great sanctity. Like Saint Thomas Aquinas before him he was accused of innovation and even of unorthodoxy. When Ambrose St. John died Newman threw himself on the bed by the corpse and spent the night there. He said mass daily for a week that his greatest enemy might be successful in office, which reveals not only his Lincolnesque stature but betrays as well his kinship with Christ whose divine Priesthood he shared. For Catholic College men, Newman intellectually and spiritually looks like a natural hero, and for young men who dream of the Priesthood, I know no more fitting or happier model. Real and sustained friendship for him can only lead to Priestly holiness and love for his exquisite prose may succeed in making some of us, in pulpit or with pen, feathers in the cap of Mother Church.

CHAPTER II.

John Henry Is Born

"I called to mind my own fantastic protestation in years long dead and gone, that, if I were free to choose my own line of life, it should be that of a gardener in some great family, a life without care, without excitement, in which the gifts of the Creator screened off man's evil doings and the romance of the past colored and illuminated the matter of fact present."

—NEWMAN, in *Historical Sketches*.

IN his novel, *An Average Man*, the late Monsignor Benson speaks as follows of the capital of his country; "England has a wonderful central heart but its circulation is not the best for all that. For though the city leaves nothing to be desired as a city, the suburbs leave a great deal to be desired as suburbs." While an effort has been made to analyze the blood of John Henry Newman into a happy Jewish, English and French blend, facts leave no doubt possible of his nationality. He is a citizen of no mean city, though Tarsus is not its name. He was born not in the suburbs where "circulation is poor," but in London, "the great

central heart of England," February 21, 1801. His parents were John Newman and Jemima Foudrinier, the latter of Huguenot descent.

Priests come into constant contact with babes. After an intimacy that stretches over fifteen years the writer still fails to discover babes poetic, except in *Garlands of Childhood*, and in *Anthologies of Childhood Verse*. At the font they seem to abandon the trailing clouds of glory of which the poets speak. They dominate the baptismal ceremony but not in a way one could safely style poetic. I invariably wonder, however, about their future. I strive to see them moving through the years unborn and wonder at the various and varied roles they will be called upon to fill with grace or awkwardness; what lights and shadows will checker their paths; what failures will spread or scatter their sad ruins about them; or what success they will achieve to brighten their eyes and gladden their hearts. The poet standing by the cells where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep dreamed his dreams of what "might have been"; so I, as these living buds become Christian flowers, have my own dreams of "what may be."

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

28 John Henry Cardinal Newman

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

John Newman and Jemima Foudrinier perhaps merely rejoiced with conventional joy at the coming of this "small traveler from an unknown shore." Their outlook and prospect for the child, like their joy, may have confined itself to the house. And then again, who knows, perhaps they did dip into the future, and mayhap Swinburne expresses what was riding high in their English hearts as they sang his lullaby:

"What will it please you, my darling, hereafter
 to be?

Fame upon land will you look for or glory
 by sea?

Gallant your life will be always and all of it
 free.

"Free as the wind when the heart of the twi-
 light is stirred

Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the
 sunrise are heard;

Free, and we know not another as infinite
 word.

“Darkness, or twilight, or sunlight may compass us round,
Hate may arise up against us, or hope may confound;
Love may forsake us; yet may not the Spirit be bound.

“Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of joy
Still may the Soul be, and each to her strength as a toy;
Free in the glance of the man as the smile of the boy.

“Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that gives
Life, and without her is nothing that verily lives,
Death cannot slay her; she laughs upon death, and forgives.

“Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and afar
Glitters the blithe little face of you round as a star,
Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you are.

“England and liberty bless you and keep you to be

Worthy the name of their child and the sight
of their sea;

Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is
free."

If some shining angel had gently drawn the veil a little and disclosed Newman's place in modern English Church History, in English literature, in the story of English Catholicism, his scholarly figure at Oxford; his rôle in the famous Oxford movement; his preaching at St. Mary's; his abandonment of the English Church and adherence to Rome; . . . if John Newman and Jemima Foudrinier could have looked into the future and seen the red cardinalial hat of the Romish Church on the head of their boy, I wonder what they would have said on that eventful day—February 21, 1801. I wonder!

CHAPTER III.

The Heart of a Boy

"The child who doubts about Santa Claus has insomnia.

The child who believes has a good night's rest."

—CHESTERTON.

NEWMAN attended school at Ealing, near London. The bud of promise, literary as well as religious, early and vividly revealed itself. At the age of fifteen he published three periodicals—*The Spy*, *The Anti-Spy*, *The Beholder*,—the last running through fifteen numbers.

He reports his earliest religious impressions in his immortal *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. "I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible, but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of the Catechism. I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream or an angel, and all the world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from and deceiving

me with the semblance of a material world. I was very superstitious and for some time previous to my confession, when I was fifteen, used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark. When I was at Littlemore I was looking over old copy books of my school days and I found among them my first Latin verse-book; and in the first page of it there was a device which almost took my breath away with surprise. I had written in the first page in my schoolboy hand, 'John H. Newman, Feb. 11, 1811, Verse Book'; then follow my first verses. Between verse and book I had drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old."

When some fifty years had waited upon the above uncertain juvenile religious beliefs, Newman evidently in a reminiscent mood wrote as follows: "I have changed in many things; in this I have not. From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be a filial love without the fact of a

father, as devotion without the fact of a Superior Being. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833 and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end."

The above may incidentally tend to prove that the heart of a boy may be a hermit cell apart and still feel the flame and rejoice in the light of religious truth. It strikes me that youth is always more reliable in things divine than age. Did not "the burning babe" at Bethlehem have and hold all the truth within its tiny heart? And did He not warn us that if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven it must be with the minds of children? Fresh youth, not yet dimmed by sophistry, nor made crafty by deception, nor soured by disappointment, nor hardened by iniquity may, like Benson's youthful David, hear—

"A singing in the air and round about;
and steps and wings."

At any rate the youthful heart of Newman stood just without the gates of Paradise and the visions given him in his youth, his heart still coveted, when later in the pulpit of the Church of Saint Mary, he preached those matchless sermons of combined strength and tenderness—"Such are the feelings with which

men look back on their childhood, when any accident brings it vividly before them. Some relic or token of that early time, some spot, or some book, or a word, or a scent, or a sound, brings them back in memory to the first years of their discipleship, and they then see, what they could not know at the time—that God's presence went up with them and gave them rest, nay, even now, perhaps, they are unable to discern fully what it was which made them so bright and glorious. They are full of tender, affectionate thoughts towards those first years, but they do not know why. They think it is those very years which they yearn after, whereas it is the presence of God, which, as they now see, was over them, which attracts them. They think that they regret the past when they are but longing after the future. It is not that they would be children again but that they would be angels and would see God; they would be immortal beings, crowned with Amaranth, and with palms in their hands, before His throne."

CHAPTER IV.

John Henry Goes up to Oxford

"And that sweet city with her dreaming spires
She needs not June for beauty's heightening."

—THRYSIS.

NEWMAN matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford in December, 1816. Like thousands before his entrance and since his departure, he was to be fashioned uniquely by the cultural spirit of Oxford. It was to cultivate his intellect richly and beautifully and in return was to receive his undying love.

By the irony of fate, this very Alma Mater, which had been appropriated to propagate the policy of the Eighth Harry, reared, as it were, unconsciously, the noblest among its sons in the Nineteenth Century to love the Old rather than the New, the Catholic rather than the Insular, the Eternal rather than the Temporary; in short, the Divine rather than the Human. It was a debt to the starved and persecuted Church of those days due from Oxford, which had been founded and endowed by that same Church centuries earlier, in the hour when kings were its fathers and queens its nursing mothers.

He came up to the University a dreamy boy in his sixteenth year, with a boy's mind biased in the direction of religion, if not that of theology. His ideas, of course, were not intellectually reduced to anything like a system, and some of his theories were, perhaps, mutually destructive; but none could doubt the sincerity of conviction with which they were held. He possessed what is not common to boys of an older growth, the wish to see things as they are, the desire for light and the willingness to follow the light when found. The shy boy, one of those obviously meditative souls which seem not to sleep of nights, must have been something of an enigma to his fellow-students, as he really was to his professors. His presence ultimately created a vogue at Oxford; undergraduates came to flock about him, and imitated his very gait and tone, as they have never imitated any one else except Blessed Edmund Campion, three centuries earlier, another of the diamonds of England.

One of the things eternally obvious in the lives of scholarly Englishmen is their love, firm and tender, for their Alma Mater. At times it seems to crowd out of the soul even man's instinctive love of home, and it grows perceptibly sweet and sweeter as the shadows

lengthen and evening comes. "To speak disrespectfully of a college is in most Englishmen's eyes," says Augustine Birrell, "as bad as insulting a mother." It sometimes makes lovers at sight. The poet Yeats, after a view of the gray spires of Oxford, and after spending the shortest day possible within the shadows which they fling, writes as follows to Katherine Tynan Hinkson:—"I was at Oxford but was very busy all day with Aesop. I wonder anybody does anything but dream and remember; the place is so beautiful; one almost expects the people to sing instead of speaking. It is all—I mean the colleges—like an opera." Mr. Shane Leslie beautifully describes what the poetic heart of Yeats perceived. "The Eton world slept, and a soft moon flooded the little hamlet, silvering the bare branches of the secular elms, illumining the empty little thoroughfares and bathing the sheer steep of the chapel in lambent argent, which gave the stone a crystalline look against the darkness of the windows. The stone might be glass, the glass black marble. Not a stick stirred, not a cobble rang in the stillness. Peace and beauty had here made their dwelling place. The great buttresses, caught in the freezing enchantment of the moon, seemed to pour like icy waterfalls from the chapel roof, thickening in

their fall until they touched the white lunar lake which filled the school yard. The weather-green statue of the Founder threw a sharp shadow, as with raised wand he gazed watchfully toward his beloved collegers in Long Chamber, whom he still fostered financially upon earth and with a saint's powerful prayers in Heaven. Like upright icicles the pinnacles of the chapel pierced the night air. There was no sign of life. Nothing moved save the heavy, regular beating of the school clock. In summertime and wintertime, in seed-time as in harvest, during the three halves of the school year—Lent, Easter and Michaelmas; during the holiday and in the night time, when there was none to hear, the old clock kept vigil. Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! he struck the four quarters and then one by one the measured resonancy of midnight. In the dreams of old Etonians all over the world, some lying in the houses of state, some in the pioneer's fevered hut, in the beds of the wealthy, in the camp, or in the cloister, the booming of the old clock echoed, and for unconscious moments in their sleep the years were rolled back." It begins to appear that as an educational agency environment is of great value, which may explain why the biographer of Michaelangelo never fails to repeat

that he grew up among the white blocks and the noise of chiselled stone.

If one observes, however, it remains even more true that able professors are the secret of the love that fails to either gray or die in the hearts of English scholars. "For a quarter of a century," writes Mr. Leslie, "Johnson was the most inspired and inspiring teacher in England. Poet and historian, the best writer of Horatian verse since Horace. But Johnson was more than a Newcastle scholar. An ecstatic guide to youth, living for the intense and heroic in life or letters, he sowed Eton with that knowledge which is not acquired in examinations, and left long flickering fires in the souls of past pupils and of teachers to come. He had exemplified how to be a poet through a pedagogue. With him Virgil was a great Roman road and Homer a ramble through Greece, and he found time for wandering in the byways of English literature. Like a midwife of consummate skill, he knew how to deliver the boyish mind of its adolescent enthusiasms. He could touch the fragile and yet the faulty strings of boyhood. While he was tutor the muses were not houseless in Eton."

Among his teachers, Dr. Whatley influenced Newman more than all others. It was Whatley

who appointed Newman vice-principal of Alban Hall in 1825, after his capture of the Oriel Fellowship. Their early friendship did not endure; later there were differences and they separated. "He would have been ready," says Mozley, "to love and admire Whatley to the end, and to give him his full confidence but for the inexorable conditions of friendship imposed by Whatley—absolute and implicit agreement in everything. This agreement, Newman would not accord and that for the best reasons. He used to say of Whatley's *Logic*, 'that it was a most interesting book, but there was one thing not to be found in it, and that was logic!'"

"Much as I owe to Oriel," Newman writes later to Whatley, "by way of mental development, to none as I think, do I owe so much as to you. I know who it was who first gave me heart to look about me after my election and taught me to think correctly, and strange office for an instructor—to rely upon myself." Years later he added, "There is scarcely any one in memory I love more than Whatley even now. I used to propose to myself to dedicate a work to him, if I ever wrote one, to this effect: 'To Richard Whatley, D.D., who, by teaching me to think, taught me to differ from himself.'" There is no hint of personal college love in

Loss and Gain, but the dreaming spires of Oxford must have been shining gray and beautiful in retrospect when Newman told the Irish that, "A university wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity; kindles the middle-aged by its beauty; and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater for the rising generation."

CHAPTER V.

John Henry's Mother

"It doesna do, mother, for the minister in the pulpit to nod to any o' the fowk but I'll gie ye a look an' you'll ken it's me."

—*A Window in Thrums.*

NEWMAN was ordained deacon in the Anglican Ministry, June 13, 1824, and was appointed a curate in the Church of Saint Clement, Oxford, where he remained two years. He wept most abundant and sweet tears when he thought what he had become, when he first bound himself to the ministry of God in that old Church of Saint Frideswide, the patroness of Oxford; and it is curious that his name should be bound up from the first with that of the great Bishop of Rome whose name is commemorated third after the Apostles in the Mass, and of whose office he was one day to take so exalted a view. It is significant that he was unwilling to accept the curacy because of the weakness of his voice; significant when one remembers or knows the Alp-like heights he achieved as a preacher! His parochial or ministerial experiences are in great measure detailed in letters to his mother and

the correspondence always recalls to me Barrie's Margaret whose Joey "had a hankering for the ministry" and whose dream of "seeing him sailing along to the pulpit in his gown" never came true. Where the two mothers differ in language, they agree in the expression of maternal love and interest. "I thank you," writes Mrs. Newman, "for your sermons. They arrived at the happy moment to be valuable to me . . . those I admire particularly are 'Wait on the Lord'; and 'Man goeth forth to his Labor'; and the one on 'Prayer'; I am very loath to part with them." . . . "O may we ever bear in mind that we are not sent into this world to stand all the day idle, but to go forth to our work and to our labor until the evening! Until the evening, not in the evening only of life, but serving God from our youth and not waiting till our years fail us. Until the evening, not in the daytime only, lest we begin to run well, but fall away before our course is ended. Let us 'Give glory to the Lord, our God, before He cause darkness and before our feet stumble upon the dark mountain,' and having turned to Him let us see that our goodness be not 'as the morning cloud and as the early dew which passeth away.' The end is the proof of the matter. When the sun shines, this earth pleases; but let us look

towards that eventide and the cool of the day, when the Lord of the vineyard will walk amid the trees of His garden and say unto His steward, 'Call the laborers and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.' That evening will be the trial; when the heat, and fever, and noise of the noontide are over, and the light fades, and the prospect saddens and shades lengthen, and the busy world is still and 'the door shall be shut in the street and the daughters of music shall be brought low and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden and desire shall fail,' and 'the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain and the wheel broken at the cistern'; then, when it is 'vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' and the Lord shall come 'who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart,' then shall we discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." . . . "The Psalm from which I have taken my text, is written with a view of encouraging good men who are in perplexity — and especially perplexity concerning God's designs, providence and will. 'Fret not thyself.' This is the lesson it inculcates from first to last. This

world is in a state of confusion. Unworthy men prosper, and are looked on as the greatest men of the time. Truth and goodness are thrown into the shade, but wait patiently—peace, be still; in the end, the better side shall triumph—the meek shall inherit the earth. To all those who are perplexed in any way soever, who wish for light, but cannot find it, one precept must be given—obey. It is obedience which brings a man into the right path; it is obedience which keeps him there and strengthens him in it. Under all circumstances, whatever be the cause of his distress—obey. In the words of the text, 'Wait on the Lord, and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee.' "

When Mrs. Newman had read pages of which the above quotations are samples, it is not surprising to find her writing to John two years later as follows:—"I assure you your sermons are a real comfort and delight to me. They are what I think sermons ought to be—to enlighten, to correct, to support and to strengthen. It is, my dear, a great gift to see so clearly the truths of religion; still more to be able to impart the knowledge to others. You will, I am sure, duly appreciate the treasure and make it valuable to many besides yourself." On his ordination day, Newman made the fol-

lowing memorandum on the subject of preaching:—"Those who make comfort the great subject of their preaching seem to mistake the end of their ministry. Holiness is the great end. There must be a struggle and a toil here. Comfort is a cordial but no one drinks cordials from morning to night."

CHAPTER VI.

John Henry's Sister Mary

"Pascal too, found a rare helper and sympathizer in his sister. In fact I know of but one case where a sister's influence was hurtful; and that was the case of Ernest Renan."

—CANON SHEEHAN.

TOWARD the end of the year 1827, or, to be more accurate, January 5, 1828, death flung its chill shadow about the heart and life of Newman. His youngest sister, Mary, died suddenly while he was at home on a short visit. She was, in fact, stricken mortally while seated at the table with him.

Friendship as a topic is older than the hills, but the question where it lies deepest is raised eternally. In his book, *Friendship with Christ*, the late Monsignor Benson is convinced that friendship which exists between male friends is the best and strongest. Others incline to the opinion that nothing surpasses the natural attractiveness and friendliness which exists naturally in one sex for the opposite. The academic question even interested the infidel Gibbon, who in a lucid interval between assaults on his col-

lege and Christianity, says: "The relation of a brother and sister, especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female, much about our own age; an affection perhaps softened by the secret influence of sex, but pure from any mixture of sensual desire, the sole species of platonic love that can be indulged with truth and without danger."

When one meets instances of a brother's love for a sister, it is at any rate striking as well as extraordinary. There is an example of it in the life of Canon Sheehan. Like Newman, he lost his favorite sister while at college and the years never healed the gaping wound nor destroyed the scar. "One day while he was engaged writing the death scene of young Ursula Deane in *The Triumph of Failure*, a friend found him in tears over his manuscript. When asked the cause of his grief he answered simply that he had been recalling memories of his elder sister. To the hour of his death he kept near him a small embroidered leather frame containing some strands of his two sisters' hair neatly braided together, and a little before the end he showed it to his nurse with a touching reminder of the love he bore them." In a passage in *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, he writes:

"Strange I never felt the proximity of my father and mother. But my sisters, one in particular, the only dark-haired in the family, has haunted me through life. I no more doubt of her presence and her light touch on the issues of my life than I doubt of the breath of wind that flutters the tassel of the biretta in my hand."

In the case of Newman, the death of Mary, as is often the case, was a blessing in disguise. With his own confession it looks like the earliest of God's touches on the issues of his life. "The truth is," he writes, "I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of Liberalism. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement." Like Sheehan, Newman felt the "light touch" of a vanished hand. "Dear Mary," he writes to his sister Jemima, "seems embodied in every tree and hid behind every hill. What a veil and curtain this world of sense is—beautiful but still a veil."

Death was full urgent with thee, sister dear,
And startling in his speed;—
Brief pain, then langour till thy end came
near—

50 John Henry Cardinal Newman

Such was the path decreed.

The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's
abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impa-
tiently;—

Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness; dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm or fever's fierce
distress.

Death came unheralded: but it was well:

For so the Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore;
All warning spared
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt
change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and
cure

To human skill unknown—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast
caught away.

Death urged as scant of time; lest, sister dear,
 We many a lingering day
 Had sicken'd with alternate hope and fear,
 The ague of delay;
 Watching each spark
 Of promise quench'd in turn, till all our sky was
 dark.

Death came and went: that so thy image might
 Our yearning hearts possess,
 Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright
 With youth and loveliness;
 Sorrow can claim,
 Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing
 name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes!
 Dearest thou art enshrin'd
 In all thy fragrance in our memories;
 For we must ever find
 Bare thought of thee
 Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall
 be.

CHAPTER VII.

John Henry in the Pulpit

"To think like Pascal, write like Bossuet,
speak like Fenelon."

NEWMAN in 1828 was made Vicar of Saint Mary's, the University Church, in the pulpit of which he preached his parochial sermons. Dr. Hawkins introduced a Sunday afternoon sermon at St. Mary's. Newman made the afternoon sermon famous. When published it is said, "they beat all other sermons out of the market as Scott's Tales beat all other stories." The effect of the appointment upon Newman is clearly revealed when he says: "It was to me like spring weather after winter and, if I may so speak, I came out of my shell; I remained out of it till 1841." At this time the Rev. Mr. Richards said of him: "Here is a fellow who when he is silent will never begin to speak; and when he once begins to speak will never stop." In an appreciation of Newman as a prose poet Professor Shairp says: "It was in his parochial sermons beyond all his other works that he spoke out the truths

which were within him — spoke with all the fervor of a prophet and the severe beauty of a poet. Modern English literature has nowhere any language to compare with the style of these sermons, so simple and transparent, yet so subtle withal; so strong yet so tender, the grasp of a strong man's hand with the trembling tenderness of a woman's heart, expressing in a few monosyllables truths which would have cost other men a page of philosophic verbiage, laying the most gentle yet penetrating finger on the very core of things, reading to men their own most secret thoughts better than they knew themselves."

These Parochial and Plain Sermons at St. Mary's were addressed at first to his parishioners, but were more and more numerous attended by under-graduates and the younger university dons as the movement came to attract young Oxford. The most famous sermon of this period is perhaps, "The Parting with Friends," the last he preached before the great change which separated him from Oxford. Sometimes critics compare the efforts at St. Mary's with the sermons of his later life at Birmingham. Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives two samples: one a warning at Oxford, the other

a warning contained in the peroration of an Oratorian Sermon:

“Look not about for the world as some vast and gigantic evil far off—its temptations are close to you, apt and ready, suddenly offered and subtle in their address. Try to bring down the words of Scripture to common life, and to recognize the evil in which this world lies, in your own heart. When Our Savior comes He will destroy this world, even His own work, and much more the lusts of the world, which are of the evil one; then at length we must lose the world even if we cannot bring ourselves to part with it now. And we shall perish with the world, if on that day its lusts are found within us. The world passeth away but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.”

This is the Oxford manner. The following warning closes one of the sermons preached at the Oratory:

“The world goes on from age to age, but the Holy Angels and Blessed Saints are always crying, Alas! alas! and Woe! woe! over the loss of vocations, and the disappointment of hopes, and the scorn of God’s love and the ruin of souls. Times come and go, and men will not believe that that is to be which is not yet, or that what is now only continues for a season

and is not eternity. The end is the trial; the world passes; it is but a pageant and a scene; the lofty place crumbles, the busy city is mute, the ships of Tarshish have sped away. On heart and flesh death is coming; the veil is breaking. Departing soul, how hast thou used thy talents, thy opportunities, the light poured around thee, the warnings given thee, the grace inspired into thee?"

Such is the contrast which is even more marked, if a number of the sermons are read. "Some prefer the Oxford style," Mr. Ward writes, "but for rhetorical and imaginative power there is no question that the palm must be given the latter. There is nothing in the earlier sermons in the least parallel to the splendid rhetoric with which he describes Mary Magdalene in the Birmingham discourse on 'Purity and Love'; nothing parallel to the triumphant march of 'The Second Spring.' " The decision of Mr. Ward gathers strength from the admission of a great critic, not himself a Catholic—Mr. Richard Hutton. "It was not indeed till after he became a Roman Catholic that Dr. Newman's literary genius showed itself adequately in his prose writing . . . in irony, in humor, in eloquence, in imaginative force, the writings of the later portion of his

career far surpass the writings of his theological apprenticeship."

A number of men have left descriptive pictures of Newman in the pulpit. He read his sermons, but this manner of preaching did not lessen his mighty influence. Professor Shairp, who sat in a pew at St. Mary's, details as follows his own experience:

"The service was simple. About the service the most remarkable thing was the beauty, the silver intonation of Mr. Newman's voice, as he read the lessons. It seemed to bring new meaning out of the familiar words; still lingers in memory the tone with which he read, 'But Jerusalem which is from above is free, which is the mother of us all.' When he began to preach a stranger was not likely to be much struck. Here was no vehemence, no declamation, no show of elaborate argument. And yet the charm was irresistible and the effect great. The look and manner of the preacher was as of one who dwelt apart, who though he knew his age did not dwell in it. From the seclusion of study and abstinence and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day in the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known. As he spoke how the old truth became new! How

it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger, how gently yet how powerfully on some inner place of the heart and told us things about ourselves we had never known, till then. Subtle truths which it would have taken philosophers hours of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropped out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet withal what calm power! How gentle, yet how strong! How simple, yet how suggestive; how homely, yet how refined! High poems were these sermons as of an inspired singer and the tone of voice in which they were spoken once you grew accustomed to it sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the silence of that high Gothic building the words fell on the ear like the measured dripping of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you would be harder than most men if you did not feel ashamed of selfishness, and if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul."

"The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still," writes Matthew Arnold; "his genius and his style are still things of power. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at

Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, subtle, sweet, and mournful? Happy the man who, in that susceptible season of youth, hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever."

In his *Apologia*, Newman comments as follows: "It was at this time that I began to have influence which steadily increased for a course of years. I gained upon my pupils and was in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationary fellows—Robert Isaac Wilberforce and Richard Hurrell Froude. Whatley, then an acute individual, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party, of which I was not conscious myself." And thus we discern the first elements of that movement later nicknamed Tractarian.

CHAPTER VIII.

John Henry Travels

"Mankind has ever turned to the poets to hear what they had to say of the mysteries of being, of life and death and immortality. It is often little enough; it is vague; it is indefinable; by the side of the Church it is almost contemptible; yet it possesses an authority of its own."

—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

NEWMAN resigned his tutorship at Oriel in December, 1832, and went on a long trip around the Mediterranean. He accompanied Hurrell Froude. While on the running wave he composed eighty-five poems in which "the Tractarian Movement sprang forth armed in lyrical strains." This "Sea Cycle" includes "Lead, Kindly Light," written June 16, 1833 while Newman's ship lay becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio. "I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for weeks. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which has since become well known."

In his *Idea of a University*, Newman

says, "Alas! what are we doing all through life both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world's poetry and attaining to its prose?" The poetry, however, that is real and difficult of definition filled the heart of the great convert to Catholicism. He not only cultivated a sensitive taste for poetry, but he considered the Greek poets in a sense prophetic, and therefore a preparation for the Gospel. His own poems were quite unconsciously a preparation, at least in part, for his eventual or ultimate journey to Rome. His poetical work is not popular in the everyday sense of the term, but it is perfect poetry. He possessed the poet's true gift and could speak the poet's language had he cared to cultivate it.

Among the poems of this "Sea Cycle," the most famous are, "Deeds, not Words"; "Separation of Friends"; "The Greek Fathers"; "David and Jonathan." In "The Call of David," the whole outline of a wonderful life is told within the narrow compass of a short poem:

"Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We thy angels, circling round thee

Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and 'mid thy flock awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended.

Two-fold praise thou shall attain;
In Royal Court and battleplain;
Then comes heartache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness;
Wounds from friends and gifts from foe
Dizzied faith and guilt and woe.

Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness
And we buffet thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame,—

Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
 But we mould thee for the root
 Of man's promised healing fruit,
 And we mold thee hence to rise,
 As our brother, to the skies."

The Froudes separated from him at Rome and Newman returned to Sicily. "When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome. I said with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down at once to Sicily and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the Island and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying and begged for last directions. I gave them as he wished, but I said, 'I shall not die'; I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against the light; I have not sinned against the light.' "

His attitude at this time towards the Church of England is manifest in the following, which contains his religious ideas just before he sailed away with the Froudes. "Especially when I was left by myself the thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few; not by bodies, but by persons. I began to think that I had a mission. I felt

affection for my church, but not tenderness. I felt dismay at her do-nothing perplexity; I thought if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of victory in the event. I saw the Reformation principles were powerless to save her. As to leaving her the thought never crossed my imagination; still I kept ever before me that there was something greater than the Established Church and that that was the Catholic Church set up from the beginning. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second Reformation." While in Rome, Newman and Froude began the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared monthly in the British Magazine. Their mutual feelings and intentions, as well as spirit, are obvious in the motto they chose, words in which Achilles, returning to battle says: "You shall know the difference now that I am back again." The Sunday following Newman's return to England — July 14 — Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title, "National Apostasy." I have ever kept the day, Newman says in his *Apologia*, as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

CHAPTER IX.

Lead Kindly Light

"I began to think this intimate religion as tragic as a great love. Yes, certainly religion is as tragic as first love and drags us out into the void away from our dear homes. It is a good thing to have loved one woman from a child and it is a good thing not to have to return to the faith."

—BELLOC.

THE glory of Newman's genius as a writer of verse is fixed in "Lead, Kindly Light" and in "The Dream of Gerontius." The former he wrote as a Protestant; the second is the answer to the first. "Lead, Kindly Light," is not merely a poem, not merely a series of stanzas that beautifully lends itself to music and has a message only for crepe affairs, but a prayer piteous and poignant pointed to the very heart of Christ. It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness for something that even a cultured training at Oxford does not include or embrace. It is the revelation complete and entire of the soul of Newman when it discovered that without true faith the mind, however brilliant, is as dark as midnight. If ever a man wrote himself

and his emotions into a line of prose or poetry, the heart of Newman is naked and unashamed in the lines of "Lead, Kindly Light." "The man speaks in this hymn more truly than in any philosophic tome." To me it is obviously a soul in darkness petitioning faith, which is light. When pilgrims, foot-worn and dusty come to me from without the fold, I eternally stress the truth Newman sings, that faith here and abroad, for the educated and the uneducated, for shepherds and kings, is eternally a pure, divine gift from God. I invariably put them on their knees night and morn, and make the words of "Lead, Kindly Light" live upon their lips.

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead, Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead, Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me."

Behold the "Plato of Oxford" begging for light from the Light of the World. "He was the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Here is the great master of the nineteenth century, scholarly, and refined, whose sermons alone purified

the style of every Oxford man who has written since his day, begging for faith. His mind is subtle, his heart sensitively responsive to beauty, ideal or real; the mellow traditions of Oxford are in his blood, and yet his soul is confessedly dark because it is not filled with the lighted presence of the true Faith. Oxford made him a Ciceronian but not a Christian! What eagerness he displays to be relieved of the darkness! How lonely his heart is! How easily satisfied he is! "I do not ask to see the distant scenes—one step enough for me." Mayhap his great intellect believed the poet who says: "One tiny ray of light is quite enough to tell the beauty and the glory of the sun."

It is often a source of wonder to Catholics that so many men who have time to reflect, fail to achieve the true Faith. It is a gift and must be sought in prayer. It is a gift and therefore may be withheld until the proper conditions appear in the heart. It is not enough to ask for it, it is equally necessary to petition for it humbly. If sincere non-Catholics could summon just the edge or shadow of the humility that is obvious in the second stanza they would come to the Catholic Church not singly or in pairs, but in battalions.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and pick my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

Faith must not only be sought, prayed for, and asked for; and petition must not only be rooted in humility, but we must ask with confidence—confidently. The quest of Newman reveals these three conditions essential. Thousands of men in life today miss the truth because they mistake the passing comforts of money and social positions for peace. To those who see the Path to Rome and yet fear the great adventure, I submit the final stanza—the child-like trust and confidence of Newman—for their quiet and cool reflection. What man among ye, would be obliged to give up half as much as Newman?

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

CHAPTER X.

Rome Soothes the Heart

“The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men Credo in Newmannum was a veritable symbol of faith.”

—J. A. FROUDE.

ROME loves to charm at times the very hearts which resolve to hate her. On the voyage to the Mediterranean, with quaint exactness, Froude and Newman directed their prayers to the East, with the aid of a compass on a table before them, so that, as the steamer pitched or rolled or altered her course, their devotions might be maintained, not towards Rome, but toward Jerusalem. The experience, however, of lingering in Rome, witnessing too the glories, spiritual and material, of the true Church; walking daily among Petrine roots and fruits effectively impressed Newman. “For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,” he wrote, “would that thy creed were sound!” Rome is not to be trifled with, neither can you allow your heart much freedom with her divine

beauty or your intellect much intimacy with her glorious history. She weaves a spell more potent than the Lorelei. Rome loves especially to seize the so-called intellectual giants of Protestantism and transfer them into lovely Roman Catholics. Newman found more beauty in the heart of the Church than Keats found in a Greek vase and was more duly surprised than the same Keats when he first looked into Chapman's "Homer." "Oh! thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome."

Newman at this time—the hour of his return from abroad—was at the very zenith of his powers at Oxford. Mr. James Anthony Froude not only reveals his importance there but gives an interesting portrait of his physical features. "When I entered Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. I believe the

resemblance extended even to temperament. Both were formed by nature to command, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers. *Credo in Newmannum* was a common phrase at Oxford. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man; what sort of extraordinary man he was they could not tell. Newman's mind was world-wide. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself,—the lightness of elastic strength. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the veritable symbol of faith."

Newman returned to Oxford July 9, 1833, where he said he had a work to do. Five days later, Sunday, July 14, Keble preached in the Church of St. Mary his sermon on "National Apostasy," which inaugurated the so-called Oxford or Tractarian Movement, the aim of which was to rid the Anglican Church of State interference and restore within it the "Church of the Fathers." Newman, as his contribution to the movement, began to issue the *Tracts for the Times*.

The ring of the tracts was decidedly new.

They were clear, brief, stern appeals to conscience and reason, sparing of words, without rhetoric, intense with purpose. Those from the pen of Newman were eloquent, too, of the exaltation of health restored and home regained, and were animated with an exuberance and joyous energy which he never had before or since. They were like the short, sharp utterances of men desperate with pain and danger. The tractarians had nothing Romanesque in their gestures, for their sole ambition was to raise the Church of England to the height of its own standard. But the Autumn of 1839 was a season not merely of ripe and mellow fruitfulness, but of ghosts. During the Summer, Newman had studied the Monosphyte controversy, and doubts of the tenableness of Anglicanism crossed his mind for the first time. "I had seen the shadow of a hand on the wall. He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The Heavens had opened, and closed again. The thought for the moment had been, the Church of Rome will be found right after all, and then it vanished. My old convictions remained as before." Ghosts, however, are more or less insistent. An article by Archbishop Wiseman on the Donatists upset him. The words of Saint Augustine, "Securus judicat

orbis terrarum," rang in his ears like words out of the sky. "It was a most uncomfortable article," he writes, "the first real hit from Romanism which had happened to me." It gave him a "stomach-ache"; the ghost had come a second time. His new experience made itself felt at once, for his Tract number 90, issued in 1841 was a virtual defence of Catholic doctrine. It caused a storm and Newman was mildly censured by the Bishop of Oxford. The Tract even startled Pusey, but Newman remained as calm and serene as waters at sunset. His fast-fading hopes of ever Catholicizing the Church of England was finally given a cruel body blow by the consecration of a Bishop of Jerusalem, through the joint action of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Protestant King of Prussia, to have spiritual oversight over a diocese in which there were bound to be, not only Protestants, but heretics, and very few Anglicans. To be precise, therefore, "the three blows which broke me" were the conviction of the parallelism of semi-Aryanism and Anglicanism, the Bishop's charges against him, and the Jerusalem Bishopric. And then, of course, in due time came Divine Grace, without which the greatest intellect sees the truth, as it were, trees walking. He did not leave the city of confusion and the house of bondage for the land

flowing with milk and honey until 1845. By way of further testing his reasons and position, he filled the remaining Anglican interval by writing one of his most original treatises, an "Essay on the Development of Doctrine."

The subsequent journey of Newman to Rome was inevitable. Someone has said he remained in the Church of England after 1840, to see how much Catholic truth she could stand without being shattered to pieces. In 1843 he renounced all his hard sayings against Rome. In 1845 he gave up his living at Littlemore and his fellowship at Oriel. On October 8, 1845, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Passionist Father Dominic, and finally left Oxford in February, 1846. "In my old tutor, Dr. Ogle, I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me and which held on its foundations so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's room there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University. On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

CHAPTER XI.

Farewell to Canterbury

"All roads lead to Rome, which is one reason why many people never get there."

—CHESTERTON.

THE homecoming of Newman to Rome was not all sunshine and music. He died a lingering death to Anglicanism. He was obliged to separate from men and institutions that were as dear to him as the ruddy drops that visited his troubled heart. When he came, there came with him Frederick Oakley, Ambrose St. John and F. W. Faber. "From the end of 1841," Newman testifies, "I was on my deathbed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees." He gave up the *British Critic* and asked that his name be kept out of it as far as possible. A little later, in 1842, he left his room at Oriel and went to Littlemore, where he and a few disciples lived in monastic seclusion. "Never was a man followed by more tender regrets from pure-minded friends than John Henry Newman," writes Sir Robert Falconer, "when in October,

1845, he made the great renunciation of the world in which he had rich possessions, in order to save his soul by entering the Church of Rome. He left Copeland, Pusey, the Mozleys, and above all, Keble, who wistfully watched him go. He said goodbye to the places he loved most on earth — Trinity, Oriel, St. Mary's, Littlemore. He kissed, so runs the legend, the very leaves in the gardens on taking farewell. Oxford had long held him in veneration; it is said that,—“In Oriel, lone, light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, ‘There’s Newman,’ when, head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step, he glided by, awe fell on them for a moment, almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed.”

On the 25th of September he gave his valedictory as an Anglican preacher. The sermon on “The Parting of Friends” was delivered to a small and grief-stricken congregation in the church at Littlemore. “And O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you know about yourselves

or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you; or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has made you take interest in him and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God's will and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

Two years were to elapse before his arrival at Rome and they were occupied with the writing of his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. He wrote the last paragraph of this work before the waters of baptism had scarcely time to dry on his forehead; a passage, observes the non-Catholic critic, Mr. Hutton, "by which Newman will be remembered as long as the English language endures."

"Such were the thoughts of the Blessed Vision of Peace, of one whose long continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own hands nor leave him to himself; while yet his eyes were dim, and his heart laden, and he could

but employ reason in the things of faith. And now dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as a matter of controversy; set not out resolved to refute it and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long."

The details of his reception into the True Church were dramatic as well as pathetic. Father Dominic was expected in Oxford on October 8, 1845. On the afternoon of the day, Newman said in a low tone to Dalgairns, who was going to meet Father Dominic, "When you see your friend, will you tell him that I wish him to receive me into the Church of Christ?"

The genius of the motion picture world could not have inspired the setting with greater dramatic elements. The evening grew on dark and stormy, the wind blew in gusts, rain fell in torrents; that night Newman left Protestantism

for the Church of Rome. The midnight scene in the little chapel where Newman made his confession is a scene for those only who can see high color in human adventures, and only those who amberize in verse the tragic beauty of this world, can appreciate the sight of Newman, so overcome that he could not stand alone, led out of the tiny chapel by his companions. It was an incident that has not only registered its consequences since, but will continue its influence for generations yet unborn. The things in life, that have an eternal youth, are the things done in the dark and the cold. That tiny chapel has influenced more souls perhaps than the frozen music or poetry in stone of the great cathedrals.

CHAPTER XII.

Dicunt! Quid dicunt? Dicant!

“Catholic doctrine and discipline may be walls; but they are the walls of a playground.”

—CHESTERTON.

THE decision of Newman crowned at last by baptism and entrance into the True Church registered highly colored results. The Protestant world proved conclusively that it does not comprehend Catholicism when it stands surprised that Rome did not develop rare excitement. The Church did not need Newman; Newman confessedly needed the Church. Rome after an experience of nearly twenty centuries finds only One Being necessary—God! When the non-Catholic world says that the Church with immemorial complacency gave Newman a few little things to do, they confuse the purpose of Anglicanism with the purpose of Catholicism. After giving birth to or winning such minds as the Gregories, Cyrils, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine and Aquinas, the great English convert, while welcome, was not an acquisition to unduly excite the soul of Rome which

is more or less accustomed to the sight of giants. If the Church gave him few things to do, it must not be forgotten that Anglicanism failed to possess either Newman's intellect or heart:—"Oh my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thy arms? Who has put this note upon thee, to have a miscarrying womb and dry breasts, to be strange to thy own flesh and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and fain would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offense; at best thou dost but endure as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them stand all the day idle as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them to be gone, where they will be more welcome or

thou sellest them for naught to the stranger that passeth by."

After a farewell of this kind, non-Catholics should be the last to judge of the opportunities Newman had with us. When the above admission is coupled with the confession of Mr. Hutton that the genius of Newman did not blossom until he became a Catholic, it is a sign of other things to find non-Catholics applying to Newman's Catholic life the following words from Dante:—

Thou shalt leave each thing
Beloved most dearly; this is the first shaft
Shot from the bow of exile; thou shalt prove
How salt the savour is of others' bread;
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs.

While there was no undue excitement found in Rome, the heart of Anglicanism beat with an alarming pulse. Disraeli said Newman's going to Rome gave the Anglican Church a shock from which it is still reeling and will never recover. "The going of Newman," says Dean Church, "was more than a defeat; it was a rout." Principal Shairp speaks of the event and its effects upon the hearts of those who loved or feared Newman:—"How vividly

comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased and we knew we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead had suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not a long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of thought. But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of these marvelous sermons would thrill them till they wept abundant and most sweet tears. Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his."

It is quite evident that in an institution that is purely human like the Church of England, Newman would be sorely missed, while in a Church like that of Rome, which is Divine, even a Newman might eternally tarry without monopolizing attention. He was cordially welcomed but not noisily acclaimed. "Rome has always known," writes the Anglican Dr.

Jessup, "how to utilize her enthusiasts fired by a new idea. The Church of England has never known how to deal with a man of genius. From Wickliff to Robertson, from Bishop Peacock to Dr. Williams, the clergyman who has been in danger of impressing his personality upon Anglicanism, when he has not been the object of relentless persecution, has at least been regarded with timid suspicion, has been shunned by the prudent men of low degree, and by those of high degree—forgotten. In the Church of England, there has never been a time when the enthusiast has not been treated as an unsafe man. Rome has found a place for the dreamiest mystic or the noisiest rantor, found a place and found a sphere of useful labor."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Spring and Winter!

"But there was more than the happiness of childhood in his heart; he seemed to feel a rock under his feet; it was the *soliditas Cathedrae Petri*."

—*Loss and Gain.*

NEWMAN was ordained to the priesthood in Rome, 1846. In 1850 he founded the *London Oratory*. On July 21, 1851, he preached his best known sermon, "The Second Spring," in St. Mary's College, Oscott, on the occasion of the First Provincial Synod of Westminster. The Synod marked the first assembling of the Catholic Hierarchy of England after the Restoration by Pius IX. The effort is as chastely beautiful as some perfect bit of Greek sculpture and if read aloud it falls on the hearing like perfect music:

"My Fathers, there was one of your own order then in the maturity of his powers and his reputation. His name is the property of this diocese; yet is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics, to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word

in the mouths of all of us. What would have been the feelings of that venerable man, the champion of God's ark in an evil time, could he have lived to see this day? It is almost presumptuous for one who knew him not, to draw pictures about him, and his thoughts, and his friends, some of whom are even here present, yet am I wrong in fancying that a day such as this in which we stand would have seemed to him a dream, or if he prophesied of it, to his hearers nothing but a mockery? Say that one time, rapt in spirit, he had reached forward to the future, and that his mortal eye had wandered from that lonely chapel in the valley, which had been for centuries in the possession of Catholics, to the neighboring heights, then waste and solitary. And let him say to those about him: 'I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out and an ample enclosure made; and plantations are rising there, clothing and circling in the space. And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very center of the Island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices, appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters, and corridors, and story upon

story. And there it rises, under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name which has been our strength and consolation in the valley. I look more attentively at that building and I see it is fashioned under that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing from off the face of the earth, or to be preserved only as a curiosity, or to be imitated only as a fancy. I listen and I hear the sound of voices, grave and musical, renewing the old chant with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and religious, theologians from the schools and canons from the Cathedral, walk in due precedence. And then there comes a vision of well-nigh twelve mitred heads; and last I see a Prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a pledge to us from Rome of Rome's unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in Apostolic faith and hope. And the shadow of the Saints is there: Saint Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of bishop and of priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed and studied and labored; there too, is St. Dominic's white wool which no blemish can

impair, no stain can dim; and if St. Bernard be not there it is only that his absence may make him remembered more. And the princely patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe—he, too, sheds his blessing upon that train. And others, also, his equals or his juniors in history, whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed,—they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy places; and there with august rite and awful sacrifice, inaugurates the great act which brings it thither. What is that act? It is the first Synod of a new hierarchy; it is the resurrection of the Church."

Professor Gates of Harvard says: "Newman understood perfectly the symbolic value of rhythm and the possibility of imposing upon a series of simple words, by delicately sensitive adjustment, a power over the feelings and the imagination like that of an incantation."

One may easily make literal application of the above criticism to the above selection or any part of "The Second Spring."

The glory of "The Second Spring" was still

burning in Catholic skies and fragrant in the little Catholic world of England when, suddenly, joy was compromised by the ugly shadows of the famed, or infamous, Achilli case. In 1852 this Achilli, an apostate priest, lectured in Birmingham against Catholicism. In answering him, Newman left himself open to libel. The trial lasted a week, and, of course, great excitement prevailed. Newman remained night and day, almost without interruption, before the tabernacle. The trial was a miscarriage of justice. The anti-Catholic feeling was intense at the moment, and the crowd that filled the court daily could not be restrained from applauding when anything was said that seemed to be a hit at Popery. The court sentenced Newman to pay a fine of one hundred pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Queen's Prison until paid. The fine was paid at once, but, while the check was being written, a cordon of chairs was drawn about him, so that he might be technically in custody. His law expenses amounted to some fifty thousand dollars, which friends from every quarter hastened to relieve. The mighty *Times* said, "To Protestants and Romanists, the case, truly viewed, is unimportant; its real significance is the discredit it has tended to throw on our administration of

justice, and the impression it has tended to disseminate, that where religious differences come into play, a jury is the echo of public feeling, instead of being an expression of its own." Thanks to the intense bigotry of the moment, the name John Henry Newman is listed among the English singing jail-birds, which begins with Shakespeare, and is brought up to date with Wilfred Blunt.

CHAPTER XIV.

Newman in Dublin

“Sacredotium, Imperium et Studium — the Priesthood, the Empire, the University. Three moving words, stirring words, words well fitted to dominate both a continent and an age.”

—BIRRELL.

WHEN one recalls his love for Oxford and his early resolve to spend his life teaching in its famed halls, it is not surprising to find Newman interested in the making of a Catholic University. In 1852 he delivered in Dublin nine discourses on University Teaching which make up the first part of his book, *The Idea of a University*. In 1854 he was appointed Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin. Between the years 1854 and 1858 he wrote ten “Occasional Lectures and Essays Addressed to the Members of the Catholic University” which make up the second part of *The Idea of a University*. In 1858 he retired from the rectorship of the Catholic University. The following quotation from *The Idea of a University* which is but one in a possible ten thousand of rare

beauty and excellence, makes one yearn to have sat at his feet in Dublin and to have listened devoutly to the voice and mind whose music and logic put Oxford under a spell and haunt it still.

In discussing accuracy of mind Newman says, —“It has been observed that, when the eyes of the infant first open upon the world, the reflected rays of light which strike them from the myriad of surrounding objects present to him no image, but a medley of colors and shadows. They do not form into a whole; they do not rise into foregrounds and melt into distances; they do not divide into groups; they do not coalesce into unities; they do not combine into persons; but each particular hue and tint stands by itself, wedged in amid a thousand others upon the vast and flat mosaic, having no intelligence and conveying no story, any more than the wrong side of some rich tapestry. The little babe stretches out his arms and fingers, as if to grasp or to fathom the many-colored vision; and thus he gradually learns the connection of part with part, separates what moves from what is stationary, watches the coming and going of figures, masters the idea of shape and of perspective, calls in the information conveyed through the other senses to assist him in

his mental process and thus gradually converts a kaleidoscope into a picture. The first view was the more splendid, the second the more real; the former more poetical, the latter more philosophical. Alas! what are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world's poetry and attaining to its prose? This is our education, as boys and as men, in the action of life, and in the closet or library; in our affections, in our aims, in our hopes, and in our memories. And in like manner it is the education of our intellect; I say, that one main portion of intellectual education, of the labors of both school and university, is to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward and steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyze, divide, define, and reason correctly. There is a particular science which takes these matters in hand and it is called logic; but it is not by logic, certainly not by logic alone, that the faculty I speak of is acquired. The infant does not learn to spell and read the hues upon his retina by any scientific

rule; nor does the student learn accuracy of thought by any manual or treatise. The instruction given him, of whatever kind, if it be really instruction, is mainly, or at least preeminently this,—a discipline in accuracy of mind.

“Boys are always more or less inaccurate, and too many, or rather the majority, remain boys all their life. When, for instance, I hear speakers at public meetings declaiming about ‘large and enlightened views,’ or about ‘freedom of conscience,’ or about ‘the gospel,’ or any other popular subject of the day, I am far from denying that some among them know what they are talking about; but it would be satisfactory, in a particular case, to be sure of the fact, for it seems to me that those household words may stand in a man’s mind for something or other, very glorious indeed, but very misty, pretty much like the idea of ‘civilization’ which floats before the mental vision of a Turk—that is, if, when he interrupts his smoking to utter the word, he condescends to reflect whether it has any meaning at all. Again, a critic in a periodical dashes off perhaps his praises of a new work as ‘talented, original, replete with intense interest, irresistible in argument and in the best sense of the word, a very readable book.’ Can we really believe that he

cares to attach any definite sense to the words of which he is so lavish? Nay, that if he had a habit of attaching sense to them he could bring himself to so prodigal and wholesale an expenditure of them?

"To a shortsighted person, colors run together and intermix, outlines disappear, blues and reds and yellows become russets or browns, the lamps or candles of an illumination spread into an unmeaning glare, or dissolve into a milky-way. He takes up an eyeglass and the mist clears up. Every image stands out distinct, and the rays of light fall back upon their centers. It is this haziness of intellectual vision which is the malady of all classes of men by nature, of those who read and write and compose, quite as well as those who cannot,—of all who have not had a really good education. Those who cannot either read, or write, may nevertheless be in the number of those who have remedied and got rid of it; those who can, are too often still under its power. It is an acquisition quite separate from miscellaneous information, or knowledge of books."

One might gather a number of extracts showing how gracefully the mind of Newman is wedded to his heart. Pindar happily united his love of the games to poetry; Newman, too,

lights a candle at the shrine of Saint Philip Neri as gracefully as he plucks a gem from the mind of Aristotle and appraises it in real language.

The Catholic University in Dublin was not the heart-breaking failure some people imagined. It gave to the world Newman's immortal *Idea of a University*, which all University heads piously and devoutly read, but never extol! The following extract at any rate makes it clear that Newman brought to Dublin a faith and humility that deserved success:

"Well were it for his clients and children, if they could promise themselves the very shadow of his special power, or could hope to do a miserable fraction of the sort of work in which he was preeminently skilled. But so far at least they may attempt,—to take his position and to use his method, and to cultivate the arts of which he was so bright a pattern. For me, if it be God's blessed will that in the years now coming I am to have a share in the undertaking which has been the occasion and the subject of these discourses, so far I can say for certain that, whether or not I can do anything at all in St. Philip's way, at least, I can do nothing in any other. Neither by my habits of life, nor by vigor of age, am I fitted for the task of

authority, or of rule, or of imitation. I do but aspire, if strength is given me, to be your minister in a work which must employ younger minds and stronger lives than mine. I am but fit to bear my witness, to proffer my suggestions, to express my sentiments, as has in fact been my occupation in these discussions; to throw such light upon general questions, upon the choice of objects, upon the import of principles upon the tendency of measures, as past reflection and experience enable me to contribute. I shall have to make appeals to your consideration, your friendliness, your confidence, of which I have had so many instances, on which I so tranquilly repose; and after all, neither you nor I must ever be surprised should it so happen that the hand of Him, with whom are the springs of life and death, weighs heavy on me and makes me unequal to anticipations in which you have been too kind and to hopes in which I may have been too sanguine."

Long afterwards when a deputation from Dublin congratulated him on his Hat, he said: "I know well, or if that is presumptuous to say, I sincerely believe, that a desire to serve Ireland was the ruling motive of my writings and

doings while I was with you. How could I have any other? What right-minded Englishman could think of his country's conduct toward you in times past without indignation, shame and remorse? How could such man but earnestly desire, should his duty take him to Ireland, to be able to offer to her some small service in expiation of the crimes which his own people in former times committed there? I cannot then deny that, diffident as I have ever been in retrospect of any outcome of my work in Ireland, it has been a great satisfaction to me, and a great consolation to find from you and others that I have a right to think that those years were not wasted, and that the Sovereign Pontiff had not sent me to Ireland for nothing."

CHAPTER XV.

Apologia Pro Vita Sua

“Still through the dust of that dim prose
appears
The flight of arrows and the sheen of spears.”
—*Letters to Dead Authors.*

I KNOW no life which betrays more vividly the fact of a Divine Providence than the biography of Newman. For years before he actually died, he was eternally making detailed preparations for his immediate death. When in the designs of God, thirty years of life remained, wise men were sure his career was over and that his biography would read like a tragedy. His eminent days of light and darkness were yet to come. Even after he had reached an age, which is the “allotted days of man on earth,” the ugly dark clouds on the horizon were but the presage of sunny hours yet unborn, as sunny as the days of youth, and as glorious as the skies that bend over days that count victories. It was meet that shadows should come, for giants cast shadows, and Newman is one of the giants.

The author, Charles Kingsley, contrary to

expectations, drew Newman into the public eye and settled him in immortal niches, when he slandered him and the Roman Catholic priesthood, in a magazine article which appeared for January, 1864. "Truth for its own sake," he wrote, "had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon of the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so."

This is the statement which was to place Newman again in the heart of the English people; and give to the world of sincerity and truth and literature, the famous *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, the unique greatness of which will abide until the earthly speech of men becomes the incessant language of praise that endures in Heaven. "It is not at all pleasant," Newman prefaced, "for me to be egotistical; nor to be criticised for being so. It is not pleasant to reveal to high and low, young and old, what has gone on within me from my early years. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow

and flippant disputant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker. But I do not like to be called to my face a liar and a knave nor should I be doing my duty to my faith or to my name, if I were to suffer it."

The best instance of Newman's satire is perhaps found in the Kingsley controversy. It is especially evident when Newman reflects on the clumsy letters of apology which Kingsley wrote, before the publication of the "Apologia."

"Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming,— 'Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is no harm.'

"I interpose: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me where and when.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant as Vicar of St. Mary's and pub-

lished in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my opinion of you.'

"I make answer: 'Oh . . . not it seems as a priest, speaking of priests; but let us have the passage.'

"Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know I like your tone. From your tone I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'

"I rejoin,—'Mean it! I maintain I never said it, whether as a Protestant or a Catholic.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.'

"I object: 'Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me, direct, distinct, public,—you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't.'

"Mr. Kingsley: 'Well, if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will.'

"I rejoin: 'My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a professor of lying, that he does not lie!'

"Mr. Kingsley: 'We are both gentlemen. I

have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.'

"I begin to see; he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said."

The *Apologia* is generally regarded as the most typical of and important of the writings of Cardinal Newman. In some respects it is his most characteristic work. His personality like a flame burns through it. It reveals the gifts which his greatest enemies have not denied him—a regal English style and a mastery of the methods of effective controversy. If like Mr. George Moore, you detect defective details in its style, it might be well to ponder the fact that it was written *currente calamo*, under pressure from printers, and almost without revision. Kingsley at the moment was a popular writer and in accusing the Catholic priesthood of indifference to Truth he had on his side the widespread prejudice of the English public of 1864. The whole work published in weekly parts was written in about eight weeks. The first two parts were brief, always brilliant, and full of passion. Then came a bulk of narrative that was touching to all who had become interested

in Newman. Lastly appeared the famous "Appendix" with its thirty-nine "blots" as he called them with a humorous suggestion in their number of the Anglican Articles, in which the charges of Kingsley were swept away with sublime contempt.

If the occasion was great, the labor was in due proportion. He worked sometimes for sixteen hours running. But the great thing is Newman rose to the peak of the moment and stood triumphant. The *Apologia* carried literally the country by storm. It became a classic over night. As an earnest autobiography, it stands side by side with those of St. Augustine and Rousseau. The press, led by Mr. Hutton in the *Spectator*, gave the work and the workman an enthusiastic reception. The *Saturday Review* paid tribute to Dr. Newman's "almost unrivalled logical powers" and to his gifts as "one of the finest masters of language."

The crushing effect which the *Apologia* had on the reputation of Kingsley may be unmistakably seen in the following from Max Muller, a friend of Kingsley: "Kingsley felt his defeat most deeply; he was like a man that stammered and could not utter at the right time the right word that was in his mind. What

is still more surprising was the sudden collapse of the sale of Kingsley's most popular books. I saw him after he had been with his publishers to make arrangements for the sale of his copyrights. He wanted the money to start his sons and he had the right to expect a substantial sum. The sum offered him seemed almost an insult, and yet he assured me that he had seen the books of his publishers and that the sale of his books during the last year did not justify a larger offer. He was miserable about it as well he might be. He felt not only the pecuniary loss but the loss of that influence he had gained by years of labor."

One of the most famous pages of the *Apologia* is perhaps the last where in paying tribute to his intimate and loyal friends, Newman incidentally frames them in a light that is as beautiful as dawn, because immortal. "I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name, upon St. Philip's feast day; and having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the priests of the Birmingham Oratory — Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bitterston, Edward Caswell, William

Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Ryder, who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice if I asked for it; who have done so many good works and let me have the credit of them; with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

“And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John; whom God gave me when He took every one else away, who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

“And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never

been disloyal to me by word or deed; and all of these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

“And I earnestly pray for the whole company with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Gerontius

"The poet sees things hidden from other men
but he sees them only in dreams."

—JOYCE KILMER.

NEWMAN in 1865 wrote his famed "Dream of Gerontius." It is the answer to his "Lead, Kindly Light." As a bit of literature, it is a really great poem. In 1888 Mr. Gladstone said it had achieved a high place in English literature which it would never lose. It was made the subject of an inaugural address by the professor of poetry at Oxford, Sir Francis Doyle. "It is a poem," says Alexander Whyte, "that every man should have by heart who has it before him to die." Sir Henry Taylor says, "'The Dream of Gerontius' resembles Dante's more than any other poetry written since the Great Tuscan's time."

From the viewpoint of music or song, it may be sufficient to say that it was worked into an oratorio by Sir Edward Elgar, "the greatest musician since Beethoven, possibly the greatest since Bach." A musical critic of taste says: "Elgar in Gerontius exhibits greatest power in

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the expressive and emotional domain than any other writer not excepting Brahms in his Requiem. Even the unaesthetic are strongly moved by the litany which follows the chorus, 'Rescue Him' in 'Gerontius.' What is the magic of that simple strain? There can be but one answer. The succession of chords, seen in print, looks simple enough. But when heard, imagination is carried back to the Middle Ages to 'cathedrals dim and vast, where the majestic organ rolled contrition from its mouths of gold.' "

It has been said that the "Dream" was inspired by the death of a friend. To any one, however, familiar with the detailed biography of Newman, the poem is but the amberizing in verse of death and life after death, as revealed by Catholic faith. Catholicism inspired the "Dream of Gerontius," as nothing else possibly could. The substance of it is commonplace Catholic theology and is contained entire in the penny Catechism. It is commonly agreed that poets are not made; still Catholicism made Dante and Newman. The prayers for the dying are transported bodily from Catholic manuals to the "Dream" and revealed with all the tender, chaste beauty of which a poet is conscious. In other faithless days, "Lead, Kindly Light," was a prayer for light in dark-

ness; the "Dream of Gerontius" is a revelation of the light that scatters darkness, and is familiar to the simplest Catholic. While the form belongs to gift and genius, the story it tells is a household tale to all Catholics. After its publication Newman, writing to his friend, Mr. Thomas Allies, says: "No, I assure you, I have nothing more to produce of Gerontius. I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly." And to the Reverend John Telford he wrote: "You do me too much honor if you think I am to see in a dream everything that is to be seen in the subject dreamed about. I have said what I saw. Various spiritual writers see various aspects of it and, under their protection and pattern, I have set down the dream as it came before the sleeper. It is not my fault if the sleeper did not dream more. Perhaps something woke him. Dreams are generally fragmentary; I have nothing more to tell."

The title of the poem "Gerontius" is a Latinized form of the word in Greek which means an old man. And who pray can the "old man" be but Newman himself, who at the moment was verily an old man, living with his brethren in quiet seclusion in the Oratory at

Birmingham, looking serenely at the sunset and noting the brilliance of the evening star?

“Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul,
 In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
 And o’er the penal waters as they roll,
 I poise thee, and I lower thee and hold thee.

“And carefully I dip thee in the lake
 And thou without a sob or a resistance,
 Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take
 Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

“Angels to whom the willing task is given,
 Shall tend and nurse thee as thou liest;
 And masses on the earth and prayers in Heaven
 Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most
 Highest.

“Farewell but not forever! brother dear,
 Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
 Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
 And I will come and wake thee on the mor-
 row.”

The year 1878 brought great changes to the Catholic world. On the seventh of the month Pope Pius IX died, and on the 20th day of the same month a new Pope was reigning. Leo XIII was a classical scholar, and an elegant

writer. He called the great Englishman up to the Sacred College, and on May 12, 1879, John Henry Newman was made a Cardinal of St. George. Unlike Saint Bonaventure, who looked up from washing dishes in the kitchen to tell the Pope's messengers to hang up the Hat in the passage, Newman exclaimed, "Thank God! the cloud is lifted at last." For him the Hat was no bauble, but a recognition by the Father of Christendom of his fidelity at all times to the See of Peter and the Vicar of Christ. This was his third journey to Rome. In 1833 it soothed his heart; in 1846 it was a city of hope; in 1879 it was once more the city where his fidelity and loyalty were publicly crowned by him who, to use a homely figure, stands in the shoes of Peter and is the Master's voice. He returned to Birmingham to the work of the Oratory and the school. He aided the pupils in their dramatics, and in their musicals he joined with his famed fiddle. He sometimes visited Rednal, where, doubtless, he lingered long and affectionately over the dust of his perfect friend, Father St. John, his life under God for thirty-two years. *Cor ad Cor loquitur*. At the Oratory he lived simply, and daily fulfilled a placid round of duties.

CHAPTER XVII.

Byplays of Newman's Genius

"Thus we have Justin Martyr. He was no less than sixty years older than Tertullian. He was as near to the Crucifixion as my generation to the Reform Bill — and he gave us a full description of the Mass."

—BELLOC.

THE musical world lost a genius when Newman early neglected and later through scruples laid aside his violin. If you insist upon proof, read his famed passage in the University Sermons, on the divine source and heavenly beauty of music. If obvious proof must be confirmed, one has but to read aloud his "Dream of Gerontius," to be convinced its author might have been a musical king, had he so ambitioned. In a brief discussion of Newman as a poet, we said the selfsame thing; he possessed the true poet's gift and could speak the poet's language, had he cared to cultivate it. Newman as a novelist provokes the same confession; had he taken up the art, he could have won distinction in the world of fiction. His novel attempts are,

Loss and Gain, which some one says is but "the Oxford Movement in fiction," and *Callista*, a beautiful portrait of a Christian maiden in pagan times. Both are but buds, indicating, or suggesting, what the full-blown flower of fiction might have been in Newman's hands, had he seen fit to cultivate his manifest talents for such work. Dr. Barry calls them "the byplays of genius."

In *Loss and Gain*, besides the powerful drawing of Sheffield, the incipient sceptic, and his humorous description of a "bore," no one ever forgets the paragraph on the Mass—"a passage Dean Stanley never read without horror," describing in language of heartless rapidity and prodigious excitement the advent of God upon the altar,—“I declare! To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action, that can be on earth. It is not the invocation, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and is the interpreta-

tion of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfill their mission. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice. They are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass! For they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as He passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore! So we all around, each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's

priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of their many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and scope of it. And, oh my dear Bateman," he added turning to him, "you ask me whether this is not a formal, unreasonable service—it is wonderful, quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened?"

Callista, is the second and last attempt of Newman in fiction. It features chiefly the description of a locust plague, the development of an idea perhaps taken from the prophet Amos, and a word picture of the Epicurean, Jacundus. To me, however, *Callista's* dream with its calm beauty and vivid style, the melody of its words and rhythm of its sentences, make stronger appeal:—"She slept sound; she dreamed. She thought she was no longer in Africa, but in her own Greece, more sunny and bright than before; but the inhabitants were gone. Its majestic mountains, its rich plains, its expanse of waters, all silent; no one to converse with, no

one to sympathize with. And as she wandered on, and wondered, suddenly its face changed, and its colors were illuminated two-fold by a heavenly glory, and each hue upon the scene was of a beauty she had never known, and seemed strangely to affect all her senses at once, being fragrance and music, as well as light. And then came out of the grottos, and glens and woods, and out of the seas, myriads of bright images, whose forms she could not discern; and they came all around her, and became a sort of scene or landscape, which she could not have described in words, as if it were a world of spirits, not of matter. And as she gazed, she thought she saw before her a well-known face, only glorified. She who had been a slave, now was arrayed more brilliantly than an oriental queen; and she looked at Callista with a smile so sweet, that Callista felt she could but dance to it.

“And as she looked more earnestly, doubting whether she should begin or not, the face changed, and now was more marvelous still. It had an innocence in its looks and also a tenderness, which bespoke both maid and mother, and so transported Callista that she must needs advance towards her out of love

and reverence. And the Lady seemed to make signs of encouragement; so she began a solemn measure, unlike all dances on earth, with hands and feet, serenely moving on towards what she heard some of them call a great action, and a glorious consummation, though she did not know what they meant. At length she was fain to sing, as well as dance; and her words were, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;' on which another said, 'A good beginning of the sacrifice.' And when she had come close to this gracious figure, there was a fresh change. The face and the features were the same; but the light of Divinity now seemed to beam through them, and the hair parted, and hung down on each side of the forehead; and there was a crown of another fashion from the Lady's round about it, made of what looked like thorns. And the palms of the hands were spread out as if towards her, and there were marks or wounds in them. And the vestments had fallen and there was a deep opening in the side. And as she stood entranced before Him, and motionless, she felt a consciousness that her own palms were pierced like His and her feet also. And she looked around, and saw the likeness of His face and of His wounds upon

all that company. And now they were suddenly moving on, and bearing something, or some one, heavenwards; and they too began to sing and their words seemed to be, 'Rejoice with Me for I have found My sheep,' ever repeated. Then went up through an avenue, or long grotto, with torches of diamonds and amethysts, and sapphires; which lit up its spars and made them sparkle. And she tried to look, but could not discover what they were carrying, till she heard a very piercing cry, which awoke her."



A LAST PORTRAIT

Photographed by Father Anthony Pollen, of the Oratory

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gerontius Dies

"Pray for me, O my friends: a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of which to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before:
'Tis death, O loving friends, your prayers!
—'Tis he!"

—GERONTIUS.

GERONTIUS dreaming was Newman daily meditating on death. In 1865, when "The Dream" was written, "every third thought" Newman entertained had a mortuary edge. Death, however, did not actually come a-knocking at his door until August 11, 1890. His life just missed filling the entire Nineteenth Century. No saint, familiar to me, ever meditated more faithfully on the last things, so that when the Grim Reaper arrived, much of its vaunted scare and daunt was in vain. He closed his eyes as softly as Will o' the Mill, who quite unaware, had entertained Death and talked with him of the power and beauty of the sea, that is so richly suggestive of the Infinite. Cardinal Newman died at Edgbaston,

near Birmingham. He shares a grave at Rednall with his perfect friend, Father Ambrose St. John. His epitaph written by himself reads, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem —" coming out of shadows into reality.

One wonders if Newman experienced those emotions felt by Gerontius when his soul lingered on that mysterious borderland that touches earth and heaven and hears the sounds of time mixed with the songs of eternity. The late Monsignor Benson died open-eyed and talkative. It seems safe to presume that the splendid, subtle, religious mind of Newman missed neither sight, nor sound, nor coloring that dwells in shadowland. The great convert to Catholicism was all intellect, which makes me think of his dying as a Greek saint. If his sensitiveness could make him weep over a manuscript, Newman surely noted and registered the emotions that must fill and crowd the mansion of the soul when the skinny fingers of death make a creepy music on the door.

"I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man: as thought I bent

Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent:
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And crueller still
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul; and worse and worse
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome
 curse,
Tainting the Hallowed air, and laughs and
 flaps
Its hideous wings
And makes me wild with horror and dismay."

The late Monsignor Benson was willing to consign his excellent Protestant father to a five-minute Purgatory. If this is a perfect blending of logic and mercy, then the Golden Prison Gates should never have swung open to receive a soul like Newman. The list of heroes and heroines in the Church is almost endless; young and old, of both sexes, from every walk in life. Newman, though he never suffered unto blood, nevertheless has a right to a place on the list. He was a regal confessor, and who,

reading his life or his sermons, could doubt, that if he had lived in Tyburn days, he would have hesitated to walk the rubric way of martyrs. There is a bloodless martyrdom of the heart and mind that is as painful as any death! Our Blessed Lord almost gives us the proof. The mental anguish in the Garden forced an angel from Heaven to earth to support the Son of God! The hours under the stars and the olive trees seem to have robed the gentle Christ in as deep a dye as the three hours on the Cross. In the garden we hear, "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me." On the Cross we hear, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" Martyrdom quickly and easily acknowledges the cries on both occasions. Newman's sorrows in life were of the mind and heart, which may explain why he loved the particular angel who comforted Christ in the garden. If mirth is countenanced in the nurseries of Heaven, Newman must often smile on certain souls, and if the Plato of Oxford still keeps an interest in literature he must smile again at the yearly appearance of apologetic biographies of men who in Newman's life-time misunderstood him; or as Dr. Barry puts it, thwarted him. But as Newman in life forgot his enemies in isolation, so now in

Heaven he is perhaps too much attracted to the beauty of God, and too happy in the possession of those angel faces he loved long since and lost awhile, to be ever reminiscent of the trivia of time.

Among a host of uncertainties that are a part of death, one thing at least is certain, Catholic faith was Newman's light in the gloom and sweet joy in the dismay of death. O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, he carefully guarded his great gift, yea, defended it gloriously! The profession of faith so accurate and so sincere on the lips of Gerontius was surely vocal in the soul of Newman as his spirit left Birmingham for Heaven.

“Firmly I believe and truly
God is three and God is one;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son,
And I hope and trust most fully
In that manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died,
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong.
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong,

And I hold in veneration
For the love of Him alone
Holy church, as His creation
And her teachings as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration aye be given
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and Heaven
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER XIX.

Gerontius Lives

"No life known to me in the last century of our national history can for a moment compare with Newman's in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose."

—RICHARD HUTTON.

TO any one who merely keeps in touch with current or modern literature, it must be evident that the name and fame of Cardinal Newman are growing in grace and beauty before men. It may sound malicious but one cannot help but say that all who opposed or misunderstood Newman in life are proportionately disappearing and vanishing as stars go out with the coming of day. He has left us an abundance of literature but there is another measure of literature inspired by his life and letters which reveals his amazing influence upon men and events of his time. The great convert has achieved a place in church and literature, so exalted and elevated that men who in different ways were associated with his life are growing less and less in his increasing shadow.

You open *Harper's* to find the president of

one of our great universities confessing that among a thousand other benefits Newman even taught him how to love beautiful college buildings; while a metropolitan daily on the morrow introduces another college president who in his address to the Alumni confesses with quotation marks that at least two-thirds of his talk is taken from *The Idea of a University*. Professor Shairp of Oxford says there are hundreds of passages in Cardinal Newman's writings which because of graceful rhythm and perfect melody may be placed side by side with the most soothing harmonies of the much praised and highly lauded Prayer Book. In his classic or standard work on the Oxford Movement, Dean Church says Newman will be read as long and whenever English is spoken. A recent copy of the scholarly constructive Quarterly carries a paper on Newman from the pen of the President of the University of Toronto which begins this wise:—"Never was a man followed by more tender regrets from pure-minded friends than John Henry Newman when in October, 1845 he made the great renunciation of the world in which he had great possessions, in order to save his soul by entering the Church of Rome." You are reminded of him at funerals with the singing of his "Lead, Kindly

Light"; while the classical musical world re-echoes with his "Dream of Gerontius." In modern English history he is bracketed at times with Disraeli and Gladstone and in college classes professors have become tolerant enough of his Catholicism to discover that Newman contributed as much thought and beauty of style to English literature as Ruskin or the rest of the illuminati. It is impossible to follow even Penrod through the humoresque pages of Booth Tarkington without seeing a mention of the famous Oratorian and in following the romantic career of Michael Williams you learn rather innocently that Williams was led back to the faith by the English musical critic and prose stylist, Redfern Mason, "who had been converted to Catholicism by reading Dante and by the sight of Newman lying in his coffin."

Our weightiest authorities in criticism are singularly unanimous in their opinion of Newman's style. To them it is the nearest to perfection that our speech can show. When at its best, a better is barely conceivable. Its strength is in quietness and confidence; its tone of perfect moderation and perfect conviction impresses our minds and secures our respect; ease, delicacy, grace, measure and finish, win without

an effort a ready way to the reader's heart; abundance without excess, artistic yet unaffected simplicity, the telling word, the telling phrase, each seemingly spontaneous, seemingly unobtruded; the orderly arrangement, the perfect harmony of sense and expression, the chasteness of diction that no tawdriness dare approach; above all the subdued yet variously modulated musical note that is never absent—these and other virtues of style work together to give an unparalleled distinction and charm to everything of the higher kind that Newman wrote.*

About a year ago the writer at a banquet of Catholic young men pleaded for a greater interest in the life and writings of Newman. Later in the evening a well-known Eastern Rabbi prefaced his own after dinner speech by saying, "if Catholics do not know that Newman is an English Classic, the Jewish students do. When I was in the seminary," he went on, "we asked our Rector one day who in his opinion was the greatest man in the Nineteenth Century. Some of us were sure he would say Disraeli; but no, he replied without a moment's hesitation—John Henry Newman of England! He then produced a small book of selections

*Hamilton Thompson, *History of English Literature*.

from Newman's writings, which he declared he always carried with him and read devoutly."

This casual evidence is sufficient to indicate the growing growth of the great Cardinal in letters and in the souls of men who seek the beauty of truth and thirst for the one true source of harmony. It also hints strongly of the truth that non-Catholics especially read Newman not to see or to absorb the truth he reveals, but to possess themselves of his exquisite style. His increase is another proof that all the world eventually listens to big men and that all men at length are made willing captives to giants who are good as well as great. The heads of the immortals verily touch the skies even when their feet walk the streets of Birmingham.

There is a Newman bibliography that is extensive. We have several "Lives" of him and a religious autobiography in his classical *Apologia*. Books large and numerous tell of his exquisite prose and the perfection of his poetry. We have authors who discuss his powers as a novelist, and a volume which makes a study of his exceptional gifts in music. What is needed, however, is a separate volume that will lift the veil on his holiness for Newman before and beyond all things was saintly. The

sources of such a work of course would be his sermons and his volume of devotions, but his soul was never more outspoken or manifest than in his "Dream of Gerontius."

If hurried samples must be produced we might instance the prayer he places on the lips of the Angel of Agony, *pleading for Gerontius and other souls.* Newman, as is clear in his sermon on the mental agonies of Christ, seems to have a sort of predilection for that particular angel who comforted the Saviour in the garden — perhaps because Newman himself among men was better acquainted with Gethsemanes than Thabors. The prayer is worthy the orisons of the English mystics whom Benson loved; it is a worthy companion of the honeyed prayers of Saint Bernard, who could never see Christ even on the cross without calling him "Roseate," and in his palms discovered not red wounds but roses; it is as full of faith and passionate beauty as any of the prayers uttered by any of those lovers of Our Lord who lived when men prayed as exquisitely as they built cathedrals,—

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on
Thee;

Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;

Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in
Thee;

Jesu! by that sense of quiet which stifled Thee;

Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;

Jesu! by the sanctity which reigned in Thee;

Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with
Thee;

Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to
Thee;

Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;

Hasten, Lord, their hour and bid them come to
Thee;

To that glorious Home where they shall ever
gaze on Thee.

The great oratorian was like all saints, haunted by the hideousness of sin because his great mind, deep, subtle and poetic, perceived more than others the awful sanctity of God. In the following extract this is clear; the soul of Gerontius not only comes into the presence of its Creator but it is "seized," "scorched" and "shrivelled" by the holiness of God:—

"The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But' ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence like a glory, clothes

And circles round the crucified, has seized
 And scorched and shrivelled it; and now it lies
 Passive and still before the awful throne,
 O, happy, suffering soul! for it is safe
 Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God."

The following and last excerpt not only reveals his personal love for Christ but it hints of the beauty the very thought of God suggested without effort to his exquisitely religious and poetic mind. There are thousands of lovely Christs up and down the world, looking out upon men from the canvasses of the great, but what a loss the world of art suffered when Newman did not put upon a brush the sensitively suggestive beauty of God herein sketched and suggested by his pen:—

"When then if such thy lot thou seest thy Judge,
 The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart,
 All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
 Thou wilt be sick with love and yearn for Him
 And feel, as though thou couldst but pity Him,
 That One so sweet should e'er have placed
 himself

At disadvantage such, as to be used
 So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
 There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
 Will pierce thee to the quick and trouble thee,

And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself for
though

Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou has
sinned,

As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire

To slink away, and hide thee from His sight;

And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell

Within the beauty of His countenance,

And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—

The longing for Him when thou seest Him
not;

The same of self at thought of seeing Him—

Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.”

These selections are few among many and trivial among others that are perhaps more burning in their proofs and manifestations of Newman's personal sanctity. They are sufficient, however, to make us conclude, not with prayer, but with questioning wonderment, as Canon Sheehan does in the person of Luke Delmedge, as he gazes on the noble bust of the great and immortal Newman in his college chapel. . . . Why should a cloud ever have rested on that sacred brow? Why are the great and holy dishonored in life; only honored in death? Why are men so cruel and vindictive towards each other? What is the dread secret of man's inhumanity to man?

Newman's Choicest Passages

ex pede Herculem

NEWMAN'S CHOICEST PASSAGES

ON GOD

THERE is one God, such and such in Nature and Attributes. I say "such and such," for, unless I explain what I mean by "one God," I use words which may mean anything or nothing. I may mean a mere *anima mundi*; or an initial principle which once was in action and now is not; or collective humanity. I speak then of the God of the Theist and the Christian; a God who is numerically One, who is Personal; the Author, Sustainer, and Finisher of all things, the Life of Law and Order, the Moral Governor; One who is Supreme and Sole; like Himself, unlike all things beside Himself, which all are but His creatures; distinct from, independent of them all; One who is self-existing, absolutely infinite, who has ever been and will be, to whom nothing is past or future; who is all perfection, and the fullness and archetype of every possible excellence, the Truth Itself, Wisdom, Love, Justice, Holiness; One who is All-powerful, All-knowing, Omnipresent, Incomprehensible. These are some of the distinctive prerogatives

which I ascribe, unconditionally and unreservedly, to the Great Being whom I call God.
—*Grammar of Assent*, chap. v.

ON GOD THE SON

And here we are brought to the second point of doctrine which it is necessary to insist upon, that while our Lord is God He is also the Son of God, or rather, that He is God because He is the Son of God. We are apt, at first hearing, to say that He is God though He is the Son of God, marvelling at the mystery. But what to man is a mystery, to God is a cause. He is God, not *though*, but *because* He is the Son of God. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," and that which is begotten of God is God. I do not say that we could presume thus to reason for ourselves, but Scripture draws the conclusion for us. Christ tells us Himself, "As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself." And St. Paul says, that He is "the brightness of God's glory, and the express Image of His Person." And thus though we could not presume to reason of ourselves that He that is begotten of God is God, as if it be-

came us to reason at all about such ineffable things, yet, by the light of Scripture, we may. And after all, if the truth must be said, it is surely not so marvellous and mysterious that the Son of God should be God, as that there should be a Son of God at all. It is as little level to natural reason that God should have a Son, as that, if there be a Son, He must be God because He is the Son. Both are mysteries; and if we admit with Scripture that there be an Only-begotten Son, it is even less to admit, what Scripture also teaches, that that Only-begotten Son is God because He is Only-begotten. And this is what makes the doctrine of our Lord's Eternal Sonship of such supreme importance, viz. that He is God because He is begotten of God; and they who give up the latter truth are in the way to give up, or will be found already to have given up, the former. The great safeguard to the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity is the doctrine of His Sonship; we realise that He is God only when we acknowledge Him to be by nature and from eternity Son.

Nay, our Lord's Sonship is not only the guarantee to us of His Godhead, but also the antecedent of His Incarnation. As the Son was God, so, on the other hand was the Son suitably made man; it belonged to Him to have

the Father's perfections, it became Him to assume a servant's form. We must beware of supposing that the Persons of the Ever-blessed and All-holy Trinity differ from each other only in this, that the Father is not the Son, and the Son is not the Father. They differ in this besides, that the Father *is* the Father, and the Son *is* the Son. While they are one in substance, each has distinct characteristics which the other has not. Surely those sacred names have a meaning in them, and must not lightly be passed over. And they will be found, if we reverently study them, to supply a very merciful use towards our understanding Scripture; for we shall see a fitness, I say, now that that sacred truth is revealed, in the *Son* of God taking flesh, and we shall thereby understand better what He says of Himself in the Gospels. The Son of God became the Son a second time, though not a second Son, by becoming man. He was a Son both before His Incarnation and, by a second mystery, after it. From eternity He had been the Only-begotten in the bosom of the Father; and when He came on earth, this essential relation to the Father remained unaltered; still, He was a Son, when in the form of a servant,—still performing the will of the Father, as His Father's Word and Wisdom, manifest-

ing His glory and accomplishing His purposes.

I shall mention a fourth and last point in this great mystery. I have said that our High Priest and Savior, the Son of God, when He took our nature upon Him, acted through it, without ceasing to be what He was before, making it but the instrument of His gracious purposes. But it must not be supposed, because it was an instrument, or because in the text it is called a tabernacle, that therefore it was not intimately one with Him, or that it was merely like what is commonly meant by a tabernacle which a man dwells in, and may come in and out of; or like an instrument, which a man takes up and lays down. Far from it; though His Divine Nature was sovereign and supreme when He became incarnate, yet the Manhood which He assumed was not kept at a distance from Him (if I may so speak) as a mere instrument, of put on as a mere garment, or entered as a mere tabernacle, but it was really taken into the closest and most ineffable union with Him. He received it into His Divine Essence (if we may dare so to speak) almost as a new attribute of His Person; of course, I speak by way of analogy, but I mean as simply and indissolubly. Let us consider what is meant by God's justice, or mercy, or wisdom,

and we shall perhaps have some glimpse of the meaning of the inspired writers, when they speak of the Son's Incarnation. If we said that the Son of God is just or merciful, we should mean that these are attributes which attach to all He is or was. Whatever He says, whatever He designs, whatever He works, He is just and loving, when He thus says, designs, or works. There never was a moment, there never was an act of providence, in which God wrought, without His being just and loving, even though both attributes may not be exercised at once in the same act. In somewhat the same way the Son of God is man; all that is necessary to constitute a perfect manhood is attached to His eternal Person absolutely and entirely, belonging to Him as really and fully as His justice, truth, or power; so that it would be as unmeaning to speak of dividing one of His attributes from Him as to separate from Him His manhood. — *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. VI. sermon V.

ON THE WORD

He is a Being who, though the Highest, yet in the work of creation, conservation, government, retribution, makes Himself, as it were,

the minister and servant of all; who, though inhabiting eternity, allows Himself to take an interest, and to have a sympathy, in the matters of time and space. His are all beings, visible and invisible, the noblest and the vilest of them. His are the substance, and the operation, and the results of that system of physical nature into which we are born. His, too, are the achievements of the intellectual essences on which He has bestowed an independent action and the gift of origination. The laws of the universe, the principles of truth, the relation of one thing to another, their qualities and virtues, the order and harmony of the whole, all that exists, is from Him; and if evil is not from Him, as assuredly it is not, this is because evil has no substance of its own, but is only defect, excess, perversion, or corruption of that which has substance. All we see, hear, and touch, the remote sidereal firmament, as well as our own sea and land, and the elements which compose them, and the ordinances they obey, are His. The primary atoms of matter, their properties, their mutual action, their disposition and collocation, electricity, magnetism, gravitation, light, and whatever other subtle principles or operations the wit of man is detecting or shall detect, are the work of His

hands. From Him has been every movement which has convulsed and refashioned the surface of the earth. The most insignificant or unsightly insect is from Him, and good in its kind; the ever-teeming, inexhaustible swarms of animalculæ, the myriads of living motes invisible to the naked eye, the restless, ever-spreading vegetation which creeps like a garment over the whole earth, the lofty cedar, the umbrageous banana, are His. His are the tribes and families of birds and beasts, their graceful forms, their wild gestures, and their passionate cries.

And so is the intellectual, moral, social, and political world. Man, with his motives and works, his languages, his propagation, his diffusion, is from Him. Agriculture, medicine, and the arts of life, are His gifts. Society, laws, government, He is their sanction. The pageant of earthly royalty has the semblance and the benediction of the Eternal King. Peace and civilisation, commerce and adventure, wars when just, conquests when humane and necessary, have His co-operation and His blessing upon them. The course of events, the revolution of empires, the rise and fall of states, the periods and eras, the progress and the retrogression of the world's history, not indeed the

incidental sin, ever-abundant as it is, but the great outlines and the results of human affairs, are from His disposition. The elements and types and seminal principles and constructive powers of the moral world, in ruins though it be, are to be referred to Him. "He enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." His are the dictates of the moral sense, and the retributive reproaches of conscience. To Him must be ascribed the rich endowments of the intellect, the irradiation of genius, the imagination of the poet, the sagacity of the politician, the wisdom (as Scripture calls it) which now decorates the Temple, now manifests itself in proverb or in parable. The old saws of nations, the majestic precepts of philosophy, the luminous maxims of law, the oracles of individual wisdom, the traditionary rules of truth, justice, and religion, even thoughts imbedded in the corruption, or alloyed with the pride of the world, betoken His original agency and His long-suffering presence. Even when there is habitual rebellion against Him, or profound far-spreading, social depravity, still the undercurrent, or the heroic outburst, of natural virtue, as well as the yearnings of the heart after what is not, and the presentiment of its true remedies, are to be ascribed to the Author of

all good. Anticipations or reminiscences of His glory haunt the mind of the self-sufficient sage and of the pagan devotee; His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane, or of the porticoes of Greece. He introduces Himself, He all but concurs, according to His good pleasure, and in His selected season, in the issues of unbelief, superstition, and false worship, and He changes the character of acts by His overruling operation. He condescends, though He gives no sanction, to the altars and shrines of imposture, and He makes His own fiat the substitute for its sorceries. He speaks amid the incantations of Balaam, raises Samuel's spirit in the witch's cavern, prophesies of the Messiah by the tongue of the Sibyl, forces Python to recognise His ministers, and baptizes by the hand of the misbeliever. He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciations of injustice and tyranny and his auguries of divine vengeance upon crime. Even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts His shadow, and is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or in fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes

from Him.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse III.

ON THE INFINITE

What, in fact, do we know of pure spirit? What do we know of the infinite? Of the latter just a little, by means of mathematical science, that is, under the conditions of number, quantity, space, distance, direction, and shape; just enough to tell us how little we know, and how little we are able to draw arguments and inferences when infinities are in question. Mathematical science tells us that one and one infinite do not, put together, make two; that there may be innumerable infinities, and that all put together are not greater than one of them; that there are orders of infinities. It is plain we are utterly unable to determine what is possible and what is impossible in this high region of realities. And then, again, in the case of infinitesimals, do not three lines become one line when one is placed upon another? Yet how can we say, supposing them respectively coloured white, red, and blue, that they would not remain three, after they had coalesced into one, as they were really three before?

Nor in its doctrine of infinities only does

mathematical science illustrate the mysteries of theology. Geometry, for instance, may be used to a certain point as an exponent of algebraical truth; but it would be irrational to deny the wider revelations of algebra, because they do not admit of a geometrical expression. The fourth power of a quantity may be received as a fact, though a fourth dimension in space is inconceivable. Again, a polygon or an ellipse is a figure different in kind from a circle; yet we may tend towards a conception of the latter by using what we know of either of the former. Thus it is by economical expedients that we teach and transmit the mysteries of religion, separating them into parts, viewing them in aspects, adnumbrating them by analogies, and so approximating to them by means of words which say too much or too little. And if we consent to such ways of thought in our scientific treatment of "earthly things," is it wonderful that we should be forced to them in our investigation of "heavenly"?—*Athanasius*, II. Art. *The Holy Trinity in Unity*.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE ECONOMY

The word Economy occurs in St Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, where it is used for

that series of divine appointments viewed as a whole, by which the Gospel is introduced and realised among mankind, being translated in our version *dispensation*. It will evidently bear a wider sense, embracing the Jewish and patriarchal dispensations, or any divine procedure, greater or less, which consists of means and an end. Thus it is applied by the Fathers to the history of Christ's humiliation, as exhibited in the doctrines of His incarnation, ministry, atonement, exaltation, and mediatorial sovereignty, and as such distinguished from the *Theologia* or the collection of truths relative to His personal indwelling in the bosom of God. Again, it might with equal fitness be used for the general system of providence by which the world's course is carried on; or, again, for the work of creation itself, as opposed to the absolute perfection of the Eternal God, that internal concentration of His Attributes in self-contemplation, which took place on the seventh day, when He rested from all the work which He had made. And since this everlasting and unchangeable quiescence is the simplest and truest notion we can obtain of the Deity, it seems to follow that, strictly speaking, all those so-called economies or dispensations, which display His character in action, are but condescen-

sions of the infirmity and peculiarity of our minds, shadowy representations of realities, which are incomprehensible to creatures such as ourselves, who estimate everything by the rule of association and arrangement, by the notion of a purpose and plan, object and means, parts and whole. What, for instance, is the revelation of general moral laws, their infringement, their tedious victory, the endurance of the wicked, and the "winking at the times of ignorance," but an *Economia* of greater truths untold, the best practical communication of them which our minds in their present state will admit? Accordingly, we may safely admit the first chapter of the Book of Job, the twenty-second of the First Book of Kings, and other passages of Scripture to be Economies, that is, representations conveying substantial truth in the form in which we are best able to receive it; and to be accepted by us and used in their literal sense, as our highest wisdom, because we have no powers of mind equal to the more philosophical determination of them. Again, the Mosaic Dispensation was an Economy, simulating (so to say) unchangeableness when from the first it was destined to be abolished. And our Blessed Lord's conduct on earth abounds with the like gracious and considerate condescen-

sion to the weakness of His creatures, who would have been driven either to a terrified inaction or to presumption, had they known then, as afterwards, the secret of His Divine Nature.—*The Arians*, I. iii.

By "Economical" I mean language relating to matters beyond the direct apprehension of those to whom it is addressed; and which, in order to have a chance of conveying to them any idea, however faint, of the fact, must be more or less of an analogous or figurative character, as viewed relatively to the truths which it professes to report, instead of a direct and literal statement of the things which have to be conveyed. Thus a child's idea of a king is that of a man richly dressed with a crown and sceptre, sitting on a throne; thus an attempt might be made to convey to a blind man the character of scarlet contrasted with other colours by telling him that it is like the sound of a trumpet; thus, since none of us can imagine to ourselves a spirit and its properties, it is a received economy to speak of our Lord as sitting on the right hand of God, as if right and left were possible in Him; and, indeed, Scripture is necessarily full of economies when speaking of heavenly things, because there is no other way of introducing into our minds even a rude

idea, even any idea at all, of matters so utterly out of our experience.—*Athanasius*, II.

ON THE WORD PERSON

The word *Person* requires the rejection of various popular senses, and a careful definition, before it can serve for philosophical uses. We sometimes use it for an *individual* as contrasted with a class or multitude, as when we speak of having "personal objections to another"; sometimes for the *body*, in contrast to the soul, as when we speak of "beauty of person." We sometimes use it in the abstract, as when we speak of another as "insignificant in person"; sometimes in the concrete, as when we call him "an insignificant person." How divergent in meaning are the derivatives, *personable*, *personalities*, *personify*, *personation*, *personage*, *parsonage*! This variety arises partly from our own carelessness, partly from the necessary developments of language, partly from the exuberance of human thought, partly from the defects of our vernacular tongue.

Language then requires to be refashioned even for sciences which are based on the senses and the reason; but much more will this be the case, when we are concerned with subject-

matters, of which, in our present state, we cannot possibly form any complete or consistent conception, such as the Catholic doctrines of the Trinity and Incarnation. Since they are from the nature of the case above our intellectual reach, and were unknown till the preaching of Christianity, they required on their first promulgation new words, or words used in new senses, for their due enunciation. And, since these were not definitely supplied by Scripture or tradition, nor for centuries by ecclesiastical authority, variety in the use, and confusion in the apprehension of them, were unavoidable in the interval. This conclusion is necessary, admitting the premisses, antecedently to particular instances in proof.

Moreover, there is a presumption equally strong, that the variety and confusion which I have anticipated, would in matter of fact issue here or there in actual heterodoxy, as often as the language of theologians was misunderstood by hearers or readers, and deductions were made from it which the teacher did not intend. Thus, for instance, the word *Person*, used in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, would on first hearing suggest Tritheism to one who made the word synonymous with *individual*;

and Unitarianism to another, who accepted it in the classical sense of a *mask* or *character*.

Even to this day our theological language is wanting in accuracy; thus, we sometimes speak of the controversies concerning the *Person* of Christ, when we mean to include in them those also which belong to the two *natures* which are predicated of Him.—*The Arians*, Fourth Edition, Appendix, Note iv.

ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE

In what way inspiration is compatible with that personal agency on the part of its instruments, which the composition of the Bible evidences, we know not; but if anything is certain, it is this—that though the Bible is inspired, and therefore, in one sense, written by God, yet very large portions of it, if not far the greater part of it, are written in a free and unconstrained manner, and (apparently) with as little consciousness of a supernatural dictation or restraint, on the part of His earthly instruments, as if He had no share in the work. As God rules the will, yet the will is free—as He rules the course of the world, yet men conduct it—so He has inspired the Bible, yet men have written it. Whatever else is true about it, this

is true—that we may speak of the history or mode of its composition, as truly as of that of other books; we may speak of its writers having an object in view, being influenced by circumstances, being anxious, taking pains, purposely omitting or introducing things, leaving things incomplete, or supplying what others had so left. Though the Bible be inspired, it has all such characteristics of dialect and style, the distinct effects of times and places, youth and age, of moral and intellectual character; and I insist on this, lest in what I am going to say I seem to forget (what I do not forget), that in spite of its human form, it has in it the spirit and the mind of God.

I observe, then, that Scripture is not one book; it is a great number of writings, of various persons, living at different times, put together into one, and assuming its existing form as if casually and by accident. It is as if you were to seize the papers or correspondence of leading men in any school of philosophy or science, which were never designed for publication, and bring them out in one volume. You would find probably in the collection so resulting many papers begun and not finished; some parts systematic and didactic, but the greater part made up of hints or of notices, which as-

sumed first principles instead of asserting them, or of discussions upon particular points which appeared to require their attention. I say that the doctrines, the first principles, the rules, the objects of the school, would be taken for granted, alluded to, implied, not stated. You would have some trouble to get at them; you would have many repetitions, many hiatuses, many things which looked like contradictions; you would have to work your way through heterogeneous materials, and after your best efforts, there would be much hopelessly obscure; or, on the other hand, you might look in vain in such a casual collection for some particular opinion which the writer was known nevertheless to have held, nay, to have insisted on.

Such, I conceive, is the structure of the Bible.
—*Tract lxxxv. p. 30.*

ON CONSCIENCE

What is the main guide of the soul, given to the whole race of Adam, outside the true fold of Christ as well as within it, given from the first dawn of reason, given to it in spite of that grievous penalty of ignorance which is one of the chief miseries of our fallen state?

It is the light of conscience, "the true Light," as the same Evangelist says in the same passage, "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Whether a man be born in pagan darkness, or in some corruption of revealed religion; whether he has heard the Name of the Savior of the world or not; whether he be the slave of some superstition, or is in possession of some portions of Scripture, in any case, he has within his breast a certain commanding dictate, not a mere sentiment, not a mere opinion, or impression, or view of things, but a law, an authoritative voice, bidding him do certain things and avoid others. It is more than a man's self. The man himself has not power over it, or only with extreme difficulty; he did not make it, he cannot destroy it. He may silence it in particular cases or directions; he may distort its enunciations; but he cannot—or it is quite the exception if he can—he cannot emancipate himself from it. He can disobey it, he may refuse to use it; but it remains.

This is conscience; and, from the nature of the case, its very existence carries on our minds to a Being exterior to ourselves; else, whence its strange, troublesome peremptoriness? I say its very existence throws us out of ourselves, and beyond ourselves, to go and seek for Him

in the height and depth, whose voice it is. As the sunshine implies that the sun is in the heavens, though we may see it not; as a knocking at our doors at night implies the presence of one outside in the dark who asks for admittance, so this Word within us necessarily raises our minds to the idea of a Teacher, an unseen Teacher. And thus it is, that to those who use what they have, more is given. At the same time, the more a person tries to obey his conscience, the more he gets alarmed at himself for obeying it so imperfectly. His sense of duty will become more keen, and his perception of transgression more delicate; and he will understand more and more how many things he has to be forgiven. And the voice of conscience has nothing gentle, nothing of mercy in its tone. It is severe, and even stern. It does not speak of forgiveness, but of punishment. It suggests to the sinner a future judgment; it does not tell him how he can avoid it. Moreover, it does not tell him how he is to get better; he feels himself very sinful at the best; he feels himself in bondage to a tyranny which, alas! he loves too well, even while he hates it. And then he is in great anguish, and cries out in the Apostle's words, "Unhappy man that I am, who shall

deliver me from the body of this death?"—
Sermons, Various, v.

Conscience suggests to us many things about that Master, whom by means of it we conceive, but its most prominent teaching, and its cardinal and distinguishing truth is that He is our Judge. In consequence, the special Attribute under which it brings Him before us, to which it subordinates all other Attributes, is that of justice, retributive justice. We learn from its information to conceive of the Almighty, primarily, not as a God of wisdom, of knowledge, of power, of benevolence, but as a God of justice and of judgment; as one who ordains that the offender shall suffer for his offence. Hence its effect is to burden and sadden the religious mind, and is in contrast with the enjoyment derivable from the exercise of the affections, and from the perception of beauty, whether in the material universe, or in the creations of the intellect. This is that fearful antagonism brought out, with such soul-piercing reality, by Lucretius, when he speaks so dishonourably of what he considers the heavy yoke of religion, and the *æternas pœnas in morte timendum*, and, on the other hand, rejoices in his *Alma Venus, quæ rerum naturam sola gubernas*. And we may appeal to him for the fact,

while we repudiate his view of the fact. — *Grammar*, chap. x.

The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor State convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him, who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas; and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain, and would have a sway.—*Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.

ON FEAR AND LOVE

In heaven, love will absorb fear; but in this world, *fear and love must go together*. No one can love God aright without fearing Him; though many fear Him, and yet do not love Him. Self-confident men, who do not know their own hearts, or the reasons they have for

being dissatisfied with themselves, do not fear God, and they think this bold freedom is to love Him. Deliberate sinners fear but cannot love Him. But devotion to Him consists in love and fear, as we may understand from our ordinary attachment to each other. No one really loves another who does not feel a certain reverence towards him. When friends transgress this sobriety of affection, they may indeed continue associates for a time, but they have broken the bond of union. It is a mutual respect which makes friendship lasting. So again, in the feelings of inferiors towards superiors. Fear must go before love. Till he who has authority shows he has it and can use it, his forbearance will not be valued duly; his kindness will look like weakness. We learn to condemn what we do not fear; and we cannot love what we condemn. So in religion also. We cannot understand Christ's mercies till we understand His power, His glory, His unspeakable holiness, and our demerits; that is, until we first fear Him. Not that fear comes first, and then love; for the most part they will proceed together. Fear is allayed by the love of Him, and our love is sobered by our fear of Him.

—*Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

ON MAN

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the throne which angels lost through
pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whole essence shatter'd and unsound,
And coil'd around his heart a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting parti-colour'd scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, life-long fray!
And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth,
 Majesty dwarf'd to baseness, fragrant flower
 Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
 Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering
 power!

Who never art so near to crime and shame
 As when thou hast achieved some deed of
 name.—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
 A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
 Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,
 Link'd one to one throughout its mortal day?
 More than the Seraph in his height of place,
 The Angel-guardian knows and loves the
 ransom'd race.

Dream of Gerontius.

ON THE WORLD OF MEN

Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into a logical shape, I find difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie

to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist, when I looked into the world. I am speaking of myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society, and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual

alienations, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointment of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet so exactly described in the Apostle's words, "Having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined na-

ture, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birth-place or family connexions, I should conclude there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one, of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Then only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world:—*if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.—*Apologia*, chap. v.

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE

Now, unless we have some just idea of our hearts and of sin, we can have no right idea of a Moral Governor, a Savior or a Sanctifier, that is, in professing to believe in Them, we shall be using words without attaching distinct meaning to them. Thus self-knowledge is at the root of all real religious knowledge; and it

is in vain—worse than vain—it is a deceit and a mischief, to think to understand the Christian doctrines as a matter of course, merely by being taught by books, or by attending sermons, or by any outward means, however excellent, taken by themselves. For it is in proportion as we search our hearts and understand our own nature, that we understand what is meant by an Infinite Governor and Judge; in proportion as we comprehend the nature of disobedience and our actual sinfulness, that we feel what is the blessing of the removal of sin, redemption, pardon, sanctification, which otherwise are mere words. God speaks to us primarily in our hearts. Self-knowledge is the key to the precepts and doctrines of Scripture. The very utmost any outward notices of religion can do, is to startle us and make us turn inward and search our hearts; and then, when we have experienced what it is to read ourselves, we shall profit by the doctrines of the Church and the Bible.—*Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

But let a man persevere in prayer and watchfulness to the day of his death, yet he will never get to the bottom of his heart. Though he know more and more of himself as he becomes more conscientious and earnest, still the full

manifestation of the secrets there lodged is reserved for another world. And at the last day who can tell the affright and horror of a man who lived to himself on earth, indulging his own evil will, following his own chance notions of truth and falsehood, shunning the cross and the reproach of Christ, when his eyes are at length opened before the throne of God, and all his innumerable sins, his habitual neglect of God, his abuse of his talents, his misapplication and waste of time, and the original unexplored sinfulness of his nature, are brought clearly and fully to his view? Nay, even to the true servants of Christ, the prospect is awful. "The righteous," we are told, "will scarcely be saved." Then will the good man undergo the full sight of his sins, which on earth he was labouring to obtain, and partly succeeded in obtaining, though life was not long enough to learn and subdue them all. Doubtless we must all endure that fierce and terrifying vision of our real selves, that last fiery trial of the soul before its acceptance, a spiritual agony and second death to all who are not then supported by the strength of Him who died to bring them safe through it, and in whom on earth they have believed.—*Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 48, 49.

ON A WRONG CURIOSITY

O my brethren, do you not confess to the truth of much of what I have been saying? Is it not so, that, when your mind began to open, in proportion as it opened, it was by that very opening made rebellious against what you knew to be duty? In matter of fact, was not your intellect in league with disobedience? Instead of uniting knowledge and religion, as you might have done, did you not set one against the other? For instance, was it not one of the first voluntary exercises of your mind, to indulge a wrong curiosity?—a curiosity which you confessed to yourselves to be wrong, which went against your conscience, while you indulged it. You desired to know a number of things which it could do you no good to know. This is how boys begin; as soon as their mind begins to stir, it looks the wrong way, and runs upon what is evil. This is their first wrong step; and their next use of their intellect is to put what is evil into words: this is their second wrong step. They form images, and entertain thoughts, which should be away, and they stamp them upon themselves and others by expressing them. And next, the bad turn which they do to others, others retaliate on them. One wrong speech

provokes another; and thus there grows up among them from boyhood that miserable tone of conversation—hinting and suggesting evil, jesting, bantering on the subject of sin, supplying fuel for the inflammable imagination—which lasts through life, which is wherever the world is, which is the very breath of the world, which the world cannot do without, which the world “speaks out of the abundance of its heart,” and which you may prophesy will prevail in every ordinary assemblage of men, as soon as they are at their ease and begin to talk freely,—a sort of vocal worship of the Evil One, to which the Evil One listens with special satisfaction, because he looks on it as the preparation for worse sin; for from bad thoughts and bad words proceed bad deeds.

Bad company creates a distaste for good; and hence it happens that when a youth has gone the length I have been supposing, he is repelled, from that very distaste, from those places and scenes which would do him good. He begins to lose the delight he once had in going home. By little and little he loses his enjoyment in the pleasant countenances, and untroubled smiles, and gentle ways, of that family circle which is so dear to him still. At first he says to himself that he is not worthy of them,

and therefore keeps away; but at length the routine of home is tiresome to him. He has aspirations and ambitions which home does not satisfy. He wants more than home can give. His curiosity now takes a new turn; he listens to views and discussions which are inconsistent with the sanctity of religious faith. At first he has no temptation to adopt them; only he wishes to know what is "said." As time goes on, however, living with companions who have no fixed principle, and who, if they do not oppose, at least do not take for granted, any of the most elementary truths, or worse, hearing or reading what is directly against religion, at length, without being conscious of it, he admits a sceptical influence upon his mind. He does not know it, he does not recognize it, but there it is; and, *before* he recognises it, it leads him to a fretful, impatient way of speaking of the persons, conduct, words, and measures of religious men, or of men in authority. This is the way in which he relieves his mind of the burden which is growing heavier and heavier every day. And so he goes on, approximating more and more closely to sceptics and infidels, and feeling more and more congeniality with their modes of thinking, till some day suddenly, from some accident, the fact breaks upon him, and he

sees clearly that he is an unbeliever himself.—
Sermons, Various, i.

ON REALISING WHAT WE READ

Let us consider how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages which to a boy are mere rhetorical common-places, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his

pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time.

And what the experience of the world effects for the illustration of classical authors, that office the religious sense, carefully cultivated, fulfils towards Holy Scripture. To the devout and spiritual, the Divine Word speaks of things, not merely of notions. And, again, to the disconsolate, the tempted, the perplexed, the suffering, there comes, by means of their very trials, an enlargement of thought, which enables them to see in it what they never saw before. Henceforth there is to them a reality in its teachings, which they recognize as an argument, and the best of arguments, for its divine origin. Reading, as we do, the Gospels from our youth up, we are in danger of becoming so familiar with them as to be dead to their force, and to view them as a mere history. The purpose, then, of meditation is to realize them; to make the facts which they relate stand out before our minds as objects, such as may be appropriated by a faith as living as the imagination which apprehends them.

It is obvious to refer to the unworthy use made of the more solemn parts of the sacred

volume by the mere popular preacher. His very mode of reading, whether warnings or prayers, is as if he thought them to be little better than fine writing, poetical in sense, musical in sound, and worthy of inspiration. The most awful truths are to him but sublime or beautiful conceptions, and are adduced and used by him, in season and out of season, for his own purposes, for embellishing his style or rounding his periods. But let his heart at length be ploughed by some keen grief or deep anxiety, and Scripture is a new book to him. This is the change which so often takes place in what is called religious conversion, and it is a change so far simply for the better, by whatever infirmity or error it is in the particular case accompanied. And it is strikingly suggested to us, to take a saintly example in the confession of the patriarch Job, when he contrasts his apprehension of the Almighty before and after his afflictions. He says he had indeed a true apprehension of the Divine Attributes before them as well as after; but with the trial came a great change in the character of that apprehension:—"With the hearing of the ear," he says, "I have heard Thee, but now mine eye seeth Thee; therefore I reprehend myself, and

do penance in dust and ashes."—*Grammar of Assent*, chap. iv.

ON THE UNBELIEF OF SCIENTIFIC MEN

The reason may be this: the humility and teachableness which the Scripture precepts inculcate are connected with principles more solemn and more awful than those which are necessary for the tempter of mind in which scientific investigation must be conducted; and though the Christian spirit is admirably fitted to produce the tone of thought and inquiry which leads to the discovery of truth, yet a slighter and less profound humility will do the same. The philosopher has only to confess that he is liable to be deceived by false appearances and reasonings, to be biased by prejudice, and led astray by a warm fancy; he is humble because sensible he is ignorant, cautious because he knows himself to be fallible, docile because he really desires to learn. But Christianity, in addition to this confession, requires him to acknowledge himself to be a rebel in the sight of God, and a breaker of that fair and goodly order of things which the Creator once established. The philosopher confesses himself to be imperfect; the Christian feels

himself to be sinful and corrupt. The infirmity of which the philosopher must be conscious is but a relative infirmity—imperfection as opposed to perfection, of which there are infinite degrees. Thus he believes himself placed in a certain point of the scale of beings, and that there are beings nearer to perfection than he is, others farther removed from it. But the Christian acknowledges that he has fallen away from that rank in creation which he originally held; that he has passed a line, and is in consequence not merely imperfect, but weighted down with positive, actual evil. Now there is little to lower a man in his own opinion, in his believing that he holds a certain definite station in an immense series of creatures, and is in consequence removed, by many steps, from perfection; but there is much very revolting to the minds of many, much that is contrary to their ideas of harmony and order, and the completeness of the system of nature, and much at variance with those feelings of esteem with which they are desirous of regarding themselves, in the doctrine that man is disgraced and degraded from his natural and original rank; that he has, by sinning, introduced a blemish into the work of God; that he is guilty in the court of heaven, and is continually doing things odious in the

sight of the Divine holiness. And as the whole doctrine of the Christian faith depends upon this doctrine, since it was to redeem man from deserved punishment that Christ suffered on the cross, and in order to strengthen him in his endeavours to cleanse himself from sin, and prepare for heaven, that the Holy Spirit has come to rule the Church, it is not wonderful that men are found, admirable for their philosophical temper and their success in investigating nature, and yet are unworthy disciples in the school of the Gospel.—*University Sermons*, i.

ON THE WORLD'S BENEFACTORS

Our lesson, then, is this; that those men are not necessarily the most useful men in their generation, nor the most favoured by God, who make the most noise in the world, and who seem to be principals in the great changes and events recorded in history; on the contrary, that even when we are able to point to a certain number of men as the real instruments of any great blessings vouchsafed to mankind, our relative estimate of them, one with another, is often very erroneous: so that, on the whole, if we would trace truly the hand of God in human affairs, and pursue His bounty as displayed in

the world to its original sources, we must unlearn our admiration of the powerful and distinguished, our reliance on the opinion of society, our respect for the decisions of the learned multitude, and turn our eyes to private life, watching in all we read or witness for the true signs of God's presence, the graces of personal holiness manifested in His elect; which, weak as they may seem to mankind, are mighty through God, and have an influence upon the course of His Providence, and bring about great events in the world at large, when the wisdom and strength of the natural man are of no avail.

Now, first, observe the operation of this law of God's government, in respect to the introduction of those temporal blessings which are of the first importance in securing our well-being and comfort in the present life. For example, who was the first cultivator of corn? Who first tamed and domesticated the animals whose strength we use, and whom we make our food? Or who first discovered the medicinal herbs which, from the earliest times, have been our resource against disease? If it was mortal man, who thus looked through the vegetable and animal worlds, and discriminated between the useful and the worthless, his name is unknown to the millions whom he has benefited.

It is notorious, that those who first suggest the most happy inventions, and open a way to the secret stores of nature,—those who weary themselves in the search after Truth, who strike out momentous principles of action, who painfully force upon their contemporaries the adoption of beneficial measures, or, again, who are the original cause of the chief events in national history, are commonly supplanted, as regards celebrity and reward, by inferior men. Their works are not called after them; nor the arts and systems which they have given to the world. Their schools are usurped by strangers; and their maxims of wisdom circulate among the children of their people, forming, perhaps, a nation's character, but not embalming in their own immortality the names of their original authors.—*Parochial Sermons*, II. i.

ON THE WORLD'S RELIGION

What is the world's religion now? It has taken the brighter side of the Gospel,—its tidings of comfort, its precepts of love; all darker, deeper views of man's condition and prospects being comparatively forgotten. This is the religion *natural* to a civilised age, and well has Satan dressed and completed it into an idol

of the Truth. As the reason is cultivated, the taste formed, the affections and sentiments refined, a general decency and grace will of course spread over the face of society, quite independently of the influence of Revelation. That beauty and delicacy of thought, which is so attractive in books, then extends to the conduct of life, to all we have, all we do, all we are. Our manners are courteous; we avoid giving pain or offense; our words become correct; our relative duties are carefully performed. Our sense of propriety shows itself even in our domestic arrangements, in the embellishments of our houses, in our amusements, and so also in our religious profession. Vice now becomes unseemly and hideous to the imagination, or, as it is sometimes familiarly said, "out of taste." Thus elegance is gradually made the test and standard of virtue, which is no longer thought to possess an intrinsic claim on our hearts, or to exist, *further than* it leads to the quiet and comfort of others. Conscience is no longer recognised as an independent arbiter of actions, its authority is explained away; partly it is superseded in the minds of men by the so-called moral sense, which is regarded merely as the love of the beautiful; partly by the rule of expediency, which is forthwith substituted

for it in the details of conduct. Now conscience is a stern, gloomy principle; it tells us of guilt and of prospective punishment. Accordingly, when its terrors disappear, then disappear also, in the creed of the day, those fearful images of Divine wrath with which the Scriptures abound. They are explained away. Everything is bright and cheerful. Religion is pleasant and easy; benevolence is the chief virtue; intolerance, bigotry, excess of zeal, are the first of sins. Austerity is an absurdity;—even firmness is looked on with an unfriendly, suspicious eye. On the other hand, all open profligacy is discountenanced; drunkenness is accounted a disgrace; cursing and swearing are vulgarities. Moreover, to a cultivated mind, which recreates itself in the varieties of literature and knowledge, and is interested in the ever-accumulating discoveries of science, and the ever-fresh accessions of information, political or otherwise, from foreign countries, religion will commonly seem to be dull, from want of novelty. Hence excitements are eagerly sought out and rewarded. New objects in religion, new systems and plans, new doctrines, new preachers, are necessary to satisfy that craving which the so-called spread of knowledge has created. The mind becomes

morbidly sensitive and fastidious; dissatisfied with things as they are, desirous of a change *as such*, as if alteration must of itself be a relief.—*Parochial Sermons*, vol. i. pp. 311-313.

ON GREEK AND LATIN

Greek is celebrated for its copiousness in vocabulary, for its perspicuity, and its reproductive power; and its consequent facility of expressing the most novel or abstruse ideas with precision and elegance. Hence the Attic style of eloquence is plain and simple, because simplicity and plainness were not incompatible with clearness, energy, and harmony. But it was a singular want of judgment, an ignorance of the very principles of composition, which induced Brutus, Calvus, Sallust, and others to imitate this terse and severe beauty in their own defective language, and even to pronounce the opposite kind of diction deficient in taste and purity. In Greek, indeed, the words fall, as it were, naturally, into a distinct and harmonious order; and, from the exuberant richness of the materials, less is left to the ingenuity of the artist. But the Latin language is comparatively weak, scanty, and unmusical; and requires considerable skill and management to

render it expressive and graceful. Simplicity in Latin is scarcely separable from baldness; and justly as Terence is celebrated for chaste and unadorned diction, yet, even he, compared with Attic writers, is flat and heavy. Again, the perfection of strength is clearness united to brevity; but to this combination Latin is utterly unequal. From the vagueness and uncertainty of meaning which characterises its separate words, to be perspicuous it must be full. What Livy, and much more Tacitus, have gained in energy, they have lost in lucidity and elegance; the correspondence of Brutus with Cicero is forcible, indeed, but harsh and abrupt. Latin, in short, is not a philosophical language, not a language in which a deep thinker is likely to express himself with purity and neatness. Cicero found it barren and dissonant, and as such he had to deal with it. His good sense enabled him to perceive what could be done, and what it was vain to attempt; and happily his talents answered precisely to the purpose required. He may be compared to a clever landscape gardener, who gives depth and richness to narrow and confined premises by ingenuity and skill in the disposition of his trees and walks. Cicero rather made a language than a style; yet not so much by the invention as by the combination of words. Some

terms, indeed, his philosophical subjects obliged him to coin; but his great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of the language into beauties, in enriching it with circumlocutions and metaphors, in pruning it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematising the structure of a sentence. This is that *copia dicendi* which gained Cicero the high testimony of Cæsar to his inventive powers, and which, we may add, constitutes him the greatest master of composition that the world has seen.—*Historical Sketches*, ii., Cicero, 12.

ON ATHENS

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient cer-

tainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down was, that that olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which,

starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of

invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country, which was its suitable home.

Nor was this all that a University required, and found in Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment, if Athens was to be an Alma Mater at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in their memory. And so they had: be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare

the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay, luxurious abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying, that the productions, which were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the Ægean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as now, from the Euxine, and timber too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware—for instance, armour—were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos, were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more.—*Historical Sketches*, I. iii.

ON A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

If, then, a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires geniuses on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birth-place of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles, or Newtons, or Napoleons, or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content, on the other hand, with forming the critic of the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm, and fixed aims to popular aspirations, at giving enlargement

and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society; he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse; he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has

the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse VII.

ON GRAMMAR

By Grammar, it is hardly necessary to say, was not meant, in ancient times, as now, the mere analysis or rules of language, as denoted by the words etymology, syntax, prosody; but rather it stood for scholarship, that is, such an acquaintance with the literature of a language as is implied in the power of original composition and the *vivâ voce* use of it. Thus Cassiodorus defines it to be "skill in speaking elegantly, gained from the best poets and orators"; St. Isadore, "the science of speaking well; and Araban, "the science of interpreting

poets and historians, and the rule of speaking and writing well." In the monastic school, the language, of course, was Latin; and in Latin literature first came Virgil; next, Lucan and Statius; Terence, Sallust, Cicero; Horace, Persius, Juvenal; and of Christian poets, Prudentius, Sedulius, Juvenius, Aratus. Thus we find that the monks of St. Alban's, near Mayence, had standing lectures in Cicero, Virgil, and other authors. In the school of Paderborne there were lectures in Horace, Virgil, Statius, and Sallust. Theodulf speaks of his juvenile studies in the Christian authors, Sedulius and Paulinus, Aratus, Fortunatus, Juvenius, and Prudentius, and in the classical, Virgil and Ovid. Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester the Second, after lecturing his class in logic, brought it back again to Virgil, Statius, Terence, Juvenal, Persius, Horace, and Lucan. A work is extant of St. Hildebert's, supposed to be a school exercise; it is scarcely more than a cento of Cicero, Seneca, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, and other writers. Horace he must have almost known by heart. . . .

Grammar, moreover, in the sense in which we have defined it, is no superficial study, nor insignificant instrument of mental cultivation, and the school-task of the boy became the life-

long recreation of the man. Amid the serious duties of their sacred vocation the monks did not forget the books which had arrested and refined their young imagination. Let us turn to the familiar correspondence of some of these more famous Benedictines, and we shall see what were the pursuits of their leisure, and the indulgences of their relaxation. Alcuin, in his letters to his friends, quotes Virgil again and again; he also quotes Horace, Terence, Pliny, besides frequent allusions to the heathen philosophers. Lupus quotes Horace, Cicero, Suetonius, Virgil, and Martial. Gerbert quotes Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Terence, and Sallust. Petrus Cellensis quotes Horace, Seneca, and Terence. Hildebert quotes Virgil and Cicero, and refers to Diogenes, Epictetus, Cræsus, Themistocles, and other personages of ancient history. Hincmar of Rheims quotes Horace. Paschasius Radbert's favourite authors were Cicero and Terence. Abbo of Fleury was especially familiar with Terence, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace; Peter the Venerable, with Virgil and Horace; Hepidann of St. Gall took Sallust as a model of style.

Nor is their anxiety less to enlarge the range of their classical reading. Lupus asks Abbot Hatto through a friend for leave to copy Suc-

tonius's *Lives of the Cæsars*, which is in the monastery of St. Boniface in two small *codices*. He sends to another friend to bring with him the Catilinarian and Jugurthan wars of Sallust, the *Verrines* of Cicero, and any other volumes which his friend happens to know either he has not, or possesses only in faulty copies, bidding him withal beware of robbers on his journey. Of another friend he asks the loan of Cicero's *de Rhetoricâ*, his own copy of which is incomplete, and of Aulus Gellius. In another letter he asks the Pope for Cicero's *de Oratore*, the *Institutions* of Quintilian, and the *Commentary* of Donatus upon Terrence. In like manner Gerbert tells Abbot Gisilbert that he has the beginning of the *Ophthalmicus* of the philosopher Demosthenes, and the end of Cicero's *Pro Rege Leiotaro*; and he wants to know if he can assist in completing them for him. He asks a friend at Rome to send him by Count Guido the copies of Suetonius and Aurelius, which belong to the Archbishop and himself; he requests Constantine, the lecturer (scholasticus) at Fleury, to bring him Cicero's *Verrines* and *de Republicâ*; and he thanks Remigius, a monk of Treves, for having begun to transcribe for him the *Achilleid* of Statius, though he had been unable to proceed with it for want of a

copy. To other friends he speaks of Pliny, Cæsar, and Victorinus. Alcuin's Library contained Pliny, Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Statius, and Lucan; and he transcribed Terence with his own hand.—*Historical Sketches*, III. *The Benedictine Schools*.

ON THE UNREALITY OF LITERATURE

And lastly, if this unreality may steal over the Church itself, which is in its very essence a practical institution, much more is it found in the philosophies and literature of men. Literature is almost in its essence unreal, for it is the exhibition of thought disjoined from practice. Its very home is supposed to be ease and retirement; and when it does more than speak or write, it is accused of transgressing its bounds. This indeed constitutes what is considered its true dignity and honour, viz. its abstraction from the actual affairs of life; its security from the world's currents and vicissitudes; its saying without doing. A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing; and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose his position, as if he were degrading his calling by enthusiasm, and becoming a politician or a partisan. Hence mere

literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political, without offence, because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one.—*Sermons*, vol. v. iii.

ON A GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. . . . The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jolt or a jar in the minds of those among whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is con-

ferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, he never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse VIII.

ON MUSIC

Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified: I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is

a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without meaning, without reality? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what and awful impression from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they

are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the power of eliciting them.—*University Sermons*, xv.

Music, I suppose, though this is not the place to enlarge upon it, has an object of its own; as mathematical science also, it is the expression of ideas greater and more profound than any in the visible world, ideas, which centre indeed in Him whom Catholicism manifests, who is the seat of all beauty, order, and perfection whatever, still ideas after all, which are not those on which Revelation directly and principally fixes our gaze. If then a great master in this mysterious science (if I may speak of matters which seem to lie out of my own province) throws himself on his own gift, trusts its inspirations, and absorbs himself in those things which, though they come to him in the way of nature, belong to things above nature, it is obvious he will neglect everything else. Rising in his strength, he will break through the trammels of words, he will scatter human voices, even the sweetest, to the winds; he will

be borne upon nothing less than the fullest flood of sounds which art has enabled him to draw from mechanical contrivances; he will go forth as a giant, as far as ever his instruments can reach, starting from their secret depths fresh and fresh elements of beauty and grandeur as he goes, and pouring them together into still more marvellous and rapturous combinations;—and well indeed and lawfully, while he keeps to that line which is his own; but, should he happen to be attracted, as he well may, by the sublimity, so congenial to him, of the Catholic doctrine and ritual, should he engage in sacred themes, should he resolve by means of his art to do honour to the Mass, or the Divine Office, —(he cannot have a more pious, a better purpose, and Religion will gracefully accept what he gracefully offers; but)—is it not certain, from the circumstances of the case, that he will be carried on rather to use Religion than to minister to it, unless Religion is strong on its own ground, and reminds him that, if he would do honour to the highest of subjects, he must make himself its scholar, must humbly follow the thoughts given him, and must aim at the glory, not of his own gift, but of the Great Giver.—*Idea of a University*, Discourse IV.

ON DEFINITENESS IN PREACHING

My second remark is, that it is the preacher's duty to aim at imparting to others, not any fortuitous, unpremeditated benefit, but some *definite* spiritual good. It is here that design and study find their place; the more exact and precise is the subject which he treats, the more impressive and practical will he be; whereas no one will carry off much from a discourse which is on the general subject of virtue, or vaguely and feebly entertains the question of the desirableness of attaining Heaven, or the rashness of incurring eternal ruin. As a distinct image before the mind makes the preacher earnest, so it will give him something which it is worth while to communicate to others. Mere sympathy, it is true, is able, as I have said, to transfer an emotion or sentiment from mind to mind, but it is not able to fix it there. He must aim at imprinting on the heart what will never leave it, and this he cannot do unless he employ himself on some definite subject, which he has to handle and weigh, and then, as it were, to hand over from himself to others. . . .

Nay, I would go the length of recommending a preacher to place a distinct categorical proposition before him, such as he can write down

in a form of words, and to guide and limit his preparation by it, and to aim in all he says to bring it out, and nothing else. This seems to be implied or suggested in St. Charles's direction: "Id omnino studebit, ut quod in concione dicturus est antea *bene cognitum* habeat." Nay, is it not expressly conveyed in the Scripture phrase of "preaching the *word*"? for what is meant by "the word" but a proposition addressed to the intellect? Nor will a preacher's earnestness show itself in anything more unequivocally than in his rejecting, whatever be the temptation to admit it, every remark, however original, every period, however eloquent, which does not in some way or other tend to bring out this one distinct proposition which he has chosen. Nothing is so fatal to the effect of a sermon as the habit of preaching on three or four subjects at once. I acknowledge I am advancing a step beyond the practice of great Catholic preachers when I add that, even though we preach on only one at a time, finishing and dismissing the first before we go to the second, and the second before we go to the third, still, after all, a practice like this, though not open to the inconvenience which the confusing of one subject with another involves, is in matter of fact, nothing short of the delivery

of three sermons in succession without a break between them.—*Idea of a University*: "University Preaching."

ON EARNESTNESS IN PREACHING

And here, in order to prevent misconception, two remarks must be made, which will lead us further into the subject we are engaged upon. The first is, that, in what I have been saying, I do not mean that a preacher must aim at *earnestness*, but that he must aim at his *object*, which is to do some spiritual good to his hearers, and which will at once *make* him earnest. It is said that, when a man has to cross an abyss by a narrow plank thrown over it, it is his wisdom, not to look at the plank, along which lies his path, but to fix his eyes steadily on the point in the opposite precipice at which the plank ends. It is by gazing at the object which he must reach, and ruling himself by it, that he secures to himself the power of walking to it straight and steadily. The case is the same in moral matters; no one will become really earnest by aiming directly at earnestness; any one may become earnest by meditating on the motives, and by drinking at the sources, of earnest-

ness. We may of course work ourselves up into a pretence, nay, into a paroxysm, of earnestness; as we may chafe our cold hands till they are warm. But when we cease chafing, we lose warmth again; on the contrary, let the sun come out and strike us with his beams, and we need no artificial chafing to be warm. The hot words, then, and energetic gestures of a preacher, taken by themselves, are just as much signs of earnestness as rubbing the hands or flapping the arms together are signs of warmth; though they are natural where earnestness already exists and pleasing as being its spontaneous concomitants. To sit down to compose for the pulpit with a resolution to be eloquent is one impediment to persuasion; but to be determined to be earnest is absolutely fatal to it.

He who has before his mental eye the Four Last Things will have the true earnestness, the horror, or the rapture, of one who witnesses a conflagration, or discerns some rich and sublime prospect of natural scenery. His countenance, his manner, his voice, speak for him, in proportion as his view has been vivid and minute. The great English poet has described this sort of eloquence when a calamity had befallen:—

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-page,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

—*Idea of a University*: "University Preaching."

ON A LOST SOUL BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT
OF CHRIST

Oh, what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overwhelmed with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realise where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit, bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were. . . . And, oh! still more terrible, still more distracting, when the Judge speaks, and consigns the soul to the jailors, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! "Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere: Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand,—one minute to explain it! My name

is Demas; I am but Demas, not Judas. What? hopeless pain! for me! impossible, it shall not be!" And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. "Oh, atrocious!" it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the affliction were a proof of its injustice. "A second! and a third! I can bear no more! Stop, horrible fiend, give over: I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou; I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of the charnel-house! I know what human feelings are; I have been taught religion; I have had a conscience; I have a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I have been refined by literature; I have had an eye for the beauties of nature; I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humour. . . ."

Alas! poor soul; and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and with those companions whom it has chosen, the man's name is perhaps solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wis-

dom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time; they appeal to his authority; they quote his words; perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history. "So comprehensive a mind! Such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!" "Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion; I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!" or, "It was the saying of a very sensible man"; or "A great personage whom some of us knew"; or, "It was a rule with a very excellent and sensible friend of mine, now no more"; or, "Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so versatile, so unobtrusive"; or "I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy"; or, "So great a benefactor to his country and his kind"; "His discoveries so great"; or, "His philosophy so profound." Oh, vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? What profiteth it? His soul is in hell. Oh, ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die. . . .

"Deus misereatur nostri, et benedicat nobis":
 "God have mercy on us, and bless us; and cause

His face to shine upon us, and have mercy on us. God, even our God, bless us; may God bless us; and may all the ends of the earth fear Him.”
—*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, ii.

ON PAUL

A heathen poet has said, “*Homo sum, humani nil mi alienum puto*”—“I am a man; nothing human is without interest to me,” and the sentiment has been widely and deservedly praised. Now this, in a fullness of meaning which a heathen could not understand, is, I conceive, the characteristic of this great Apostle. He is ever speaking, to use his own words, “human things,” and “as a man,” and “according to man,” and “foolishly”—that is, human nature, the common nature of the whole race of Adam, spake in him, acted in him, with an energetical presence, with a sort of bodily fullness, always under the sovereign command of divine grace, but losing none of its real freedom and power because of its subordination. And the consequence is that, having the nature of man so strong in him, he is able to enter into human nature, and to sympathise with it, with a gift peculiarly his own.

Now the most startling instance of this is this—that, though his life prior to his conversion seems to have been so conscientious and so pure, nevertheless he does not hesitate to associate himself with the outcast heathen, and to speak as if he were one of them. St. Philip before he communicated used to say, “Lord, I protest before Thee that I am good for nothing but to do evil.” At confession he used to say, “I have never done one good action.” He often said, “I am past hope.” To a penitent he said, “Be sure of this; I am a man like my neighbours, and nothing more.” Well, I mean, that somewhat in this way Paul felt all his neighbours, all the whole race of Adam, to be existing in himself. He knew himself to be possessed of a nature; he was conscious of possessing a nature which was capable of running into all the multiplicity of emotions, of devices, of purposes, and of sins, into which it had actually run in the wide world, and in the multitude of men; and in that sense he bore the sins of all men, and associated himself with them, and spoke of them and himself as one. He not only counts himself, as his birth made him, in the number of “children of wrath,” but he classes himself with the heathen as “conversing in the desires of the flesh,” “and fulfilling

the desires of the flesh and the mind." And in another Epistle he speaks of himself, at the time he writes, as if "carnal, sold under sin"; he speaks of "sin dwelling in him," and of his "serving with the flesh the law of sin"; this, I say, when he was an Apostle confirmed in grace. Meanwhile, may this glorious Apostle, this sweetest of inspired writers, this most touching and winning of teachers, may he do me some good turn, who has ever felt such a special devotion towards him! May this great saint, this man of large mind, of various sympathies, of affectionate heart, have a kind thought for every one of us here according to our respective needs! He has carried his human thoughts and feelings with him to the throne above; and, though he sees the Infinite and Eternal Essence, he still remembers well that troublous ocean below, of hopes and fears, of impulses and aspirations, of efforts and failures, which is now what it was when he was here. Let us beg him to intercede for us with the Majesty on high, that we too may have some portion of that tenderness, compassion, mutual affection, love of brotherhood, abhorrence of strife and division, in which he excelled.—*Sermons, Various*, vii.

ON A GREAT AUTHOR

A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum* whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity.

Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "*nil molitur ineptè.*" If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only "*distincte*" and "*splendidè,*" but also "*aptè.*" His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life—

"Quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis."

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyse his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessell-

ated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such pre-eminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such pre-eminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If, then, the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine,—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other,—if such men are, in a

word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.—*Idea of a University*: "Literature."

ON SOME GREAT AUTHORS

Cicero

His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject-matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker. It is the expression of lofty sentiments in lofty sentences, the "*mens magna in corpore magno*." It is the development of the inner man. Cicero vividly realised the *status* of a Roman senator and statesman, and the "pride of place" of Rome, in all the grace and grandeur which attached to her; and he imbibed, and became, what he ad-

mired. As the exploits of Scipio and Pompey are the expression of this greatness in deed, so the language of Cicero is the expression of it in word. And, as the acts of the Roman ruler or soldier represent to us, in a manner special to themselves, the characteristic magnanimity of the lords of the earth, so do the speeches and treatises of her accomplished orator bring it home to our imagination as no other writing could do. Neither Livy, nor Tacitus, nor Terence, nor Seneca, nor Pliny, nor Quintilian, is an adequate spokesman for the imperial city. They write Latin: Cicero writes Roman.—*Idea of a University*: "Literature."

This is the great art of Cicero himself, who, whether he is engaged in statement, argument, or raillery, never ceases till he has exhausted the subject; going round about it, and placing it in every different light, yet without repetition to offend or weary the reader. . . . We see Cicero resigning his high station to Cato, who, with half his abilities, little foresight, and no address, possessed that first requisite for a statesman—firmness. Cicero, on the contrary, was irresolute, timid, and inconsistent. He talked, indeed, largely of preserving a middle course, but he was continually vacillating from one to the other extreme; always too confident

or too dejected; incorrigibly vain of success, yet meanly panegyrising the government of a usurper. His foresight, sagacity, practical good sense, and singular tact, were lost for want of that strength of mind which points them steadily to one object. He was never decided, never (as has sometimes been observed) took an important step without afterwards repenting of it. — *Historical Sketches*, Cicero.

Horace

The poems of Horace are most melancholy to read, but they bring before us most vividly and piteously our state by nature; they increase in us a sense of our utter dependence and natural helplessness; they arm us against the fallacious promises of the world, especially at this day—the promises of science and literature to give us light and liberty. Horace tries to solace himself with the pleasures of sense, and how stern a monitor he has within him, telling him that death is coming. Have you seen Conington's *Translations of Horace*? If not, will you accept them from me? Horace is untranslatable, but I think they will interest you. — *Letters*, ii. p. 481.

Juvenal

Juvenal is perhaps the only ancient author who habitually substitutes declamation for poetry.—*Essays*, I. i.

Lucretius

Lucretius, too, had great poetical genius; but his work evinces that his miserable philosophy was rather the result of a bewildered judgment than a corrupt heart.—*Essays*, I. i.

Athanasius

The great saint in whose name I began to write years ago, and with whom I end. Athanasius is a great writer, simple in his diction, clear, unstudied, direct, vigorous, elastic, and, above all, characteristic. This renowned Father is in ecclesiastical history the special doctor of the sacred truth which Arius denied, bringing it out into shape and system so fully and luminously that he may be said to have exhausted his subject, as far as it lies open to the human intellect.—*Athanasius*, ii.

And royal-hearted Athanase
With Paul's own mantle blest.
Verses.

Origen

Origen, that labour-loving man.—*Athanasius*, i. 47.

Origen, that man of strong heart, who has paid for the unbridled freedom of his speculations on other subjects of theology, by the multitude of grievous and unfair charges which burden his name with posterity.

Byron

Byron had very little versatility or elasticity of genius; he did not know how to make poetry out of existing materials. He declaims in his own way, and has the upper hand as long as he is allowed to go on; but if interrogated on principles of nature and good sense, he is at once put out, and brought to a stand. While we do not deny the incidental beauty of a poem, we are ashamed and indignant on witnessing the unworthy substance in which that beauty is imbedded. This remark applies strongly to the immoral compositions to which Lord Byron devoted his last year.—*Essays*, I. i.

Burns

Burns was a man of inconsistent life: still, it is known, of much really sound principle at

bottom. Thus his acknowledged poetical talent is in no wise inconsistent with the truth of our doctrine, which will refer the beauty which exists in his compositions to the remains of a virtuous and diviner nature within him. Nay, further than this, our theory holds good, even though it be shown that a depraved man may write a poem. As motives short of the purest lead to actions intrinsically good, so frames of mind, short of virtuous, will produce a partial and limited poetry. But even where this is instanced, the poetry of a vicious mind will be inconsistent and debased.—*Essays*, I. i.

Scott

Curious, I have just been reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Curious, too, I feel so different about it from you. It has brought more tears into my eyes than any book I ever read, but withal has left an impression on me like a bad dream. I cannot get the bitter taste out of my mouth. I mean it is so like vanity of vanities, except that I really do trust he has *done a work*, and may be an instrument in the hands of Providence for the revival of Catholicity.—Letter to Keble, in *Letters*, ii.

Thackeray

I write to express the piercing sorrow that I feel in Thackeray's death. You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him, and one saw in his books the workings of his mind—and he has died with such awful suddenness.

A new work of his had been advertised, and I had looked forward with pleasure to reading it; and now the drama of his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full, *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. I wonder whether he has known his own decay, for a decay I think there has been. I thought his last novel betrayed lassitude and exhaustion of mind, and he has lain by apparently for a year. His last (fugitive) pieces in the *Cornhill* have been almost sermons. One should be very glad to know that he had presentiments of what was to come. What a world is this! How wretched they are who take it for their portion! Poor Thackeray! it seems but the other day since we became Catholics; now all his renown has been since that—he has made his name, has been much made of, has been fêted, and has gone out, all since 1846 or 1847.—*Letters*, ii.

On his own Style

For myself, when I was fourteen or fifteen, I imitated Addison; when I was seventeen, I wrote in the style of Johnson; about the same time I fell in with the twelfth volume of Gibbon, and my ears rang with the cadences of his sentences, and I dreamed of it for a night or two. Then I began to make an analysis of Thucydides in Gibbon's style.

It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interleaved additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice, since I was a boy, of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I never have written for writing's sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult, viz. to express clearly and exactly my meaning: this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read

over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside, or fiercely corrected it; for I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write as I was thirty years ago.

As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange, considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.—*Letters*, ii. 477.

CONVERTS TO ROME
ON HIS SECESSION TO ROME

Good friends, you have not far to seek; *habetis confitentem reum*; he pleads guilty; he has given up a fellowship and a living; he has damaged his reputation for judgment and discernment; he has cheerfully made himself a scoff, submitted himself as a prey to the newspapers, has made himself strange to his brethren; and besides and amid all this, it is true, he has said a strong word he had better not have said — or uttered a sarcasm — his successive disclosures have not severely kept time

with the growth of his misgivings,—he has spoken to those with whom he should have been reserved, and has been silent when he should have spoken; at times he has not known where he stood, and perhaps promised what he could not perform. Of his sacrifices he thinks and says nothing; what he does know and does painfully think of, is in substance just that which you so rhetorically urge against him, yes, and before you urge it. His self-scrutiny has preceded your dissection of him. What you proclaim to the world, he confesses without grudging, viz. that he has but acted *secundum captum suum*, according to what he is, not as an Angel, but as a man. In the process of his conversion he has had to struggle with uncertainty of mind, with the duties of an actual position, with misgivings of its untenableness, with the perplexity of fulfilling many duties and of reconciling conflicting ones. He is not perfect; no one is perfect; not they who accuse him; he could retaliate upon them; he could gratuitously suggest reasons for their retaining their stations, as they can suggest reasons for his relinquishing his own; it is easy to impute motives; but it would be unworthy of him to do so. He leaves his critics to that Judgment to which he him-

self appeals. May they who have spoken or written harshly of recent converts to the Catholic Church receive at the Great Day more lenient measure than they have in this case given!—*Essays*, vol. ii.: "John Keble."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best books on Newman are in English. It is not necessary to travel afield in other tongues for either a knowledge of the man or his works. The following books, with the exception of the last three, are small but accurate and well written, while all succeed in giving a true portrait of a man, sweet as summer, and therefore lovable:

Cardinal Newman, *Waller & Burrow*.

Newman; An Appreciation, *Alexander Whyte, D.D.*

A Short Life of Cardinal Newman, *J. S. Fletcher*.

Coram Cardinali, *Edward Bellasis*

Cardinal Newman, *William Barry*.

Cardinal Newman, *Wilfred Meynell*.

Life and Correspondence of John Henry Newman
During His Life in the English Church. With a
brief Autobiography. Edited at Cardinal Newman's
request by Anne Mozley.

Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman, *Wilfrid
Ward*.

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